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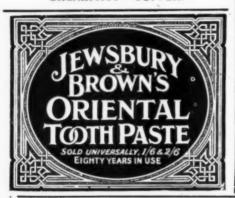
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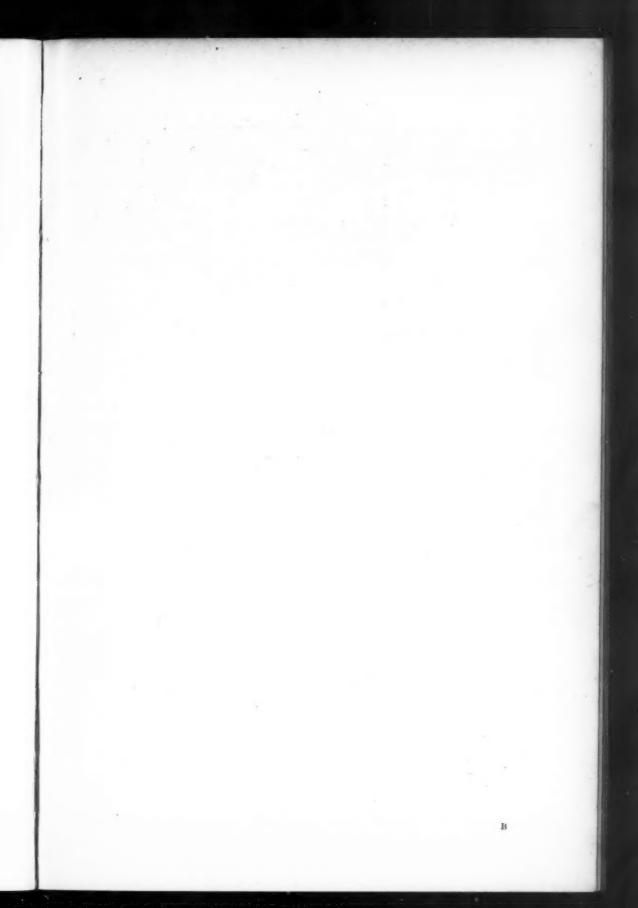
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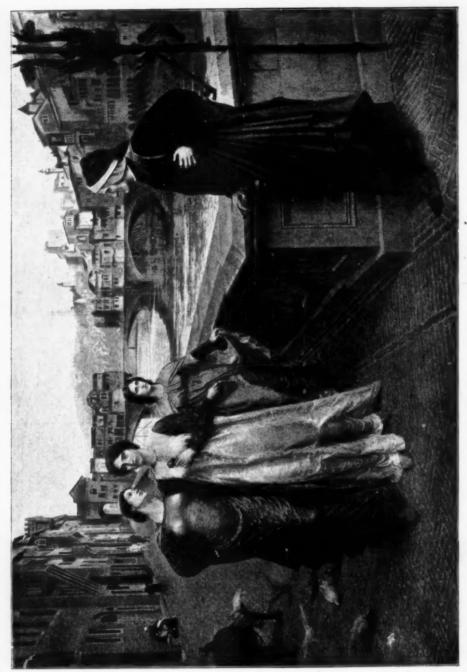
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DANTE'S FIRST SIGHT OF BEATRICE

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The Intriguers

BY JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

AUTHOR OF "THE YEAR ONE," "IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY," "THE HISPANIOLA PLATE," ETC.

CHAPTER I

"J'aimerais assez ton histoire, s'il n'y avait pas de préambule : ton préambule ne me déplairait pas, s'il n'y avait pas d'histoire."

ROM how many varied filaments the Web of Fate is spun! That web which is so complicated and so full of such diverse threads that Arachne could not herself have spun the like, nor, had she been able to do so, could even Minerva have unwound them.

For, see now-as you who read shall observe -of what a strange plexus was that web woven which enmeshed for some time the lives and hopes and loves of Rupert Frayne and Rosamund Welby; of what different strands it was composed, and of how, itself an instrument used by the hands of Fate, it required Fate's greatest enemy, Good Fortune, to at last rend it so that it fell torn and harmless to the ground.

For who could have imagined how, around the existence and aspirations of that young man and that still younger maiden, such diverse factors as those to be mentioned below would each and all combine to exert a baneful influence—each being unknown to the other—and each tending, though in opposition, to work woe and misery?

Let us regard those factors as they came into existence at the end of August, in the

year of our Lord, 1714.

The first, though the most indirect among those factors, was the King of England, George I., who, upon the recent death of Queen Anne, had, by the Act of Succession -passed by King William and the late Queen for the exclusion of all Catholic princes from the English throne—himself succeeded to that throne. Nor, since in no Roman Catholic country is a Protestant prince permitted to reign, it was not strange that neither of those late monarchs were willing to see the Crown of a Protestant country pass to a Romish prince, as it must have passed to such a one: viz. James Francis Edward Stuart, Chevalier de St. George, and son of the late King James II., had it not been for that Act of Succession. And

it was owing to the departure of the above illustrious personage from Herrenhausen to London that arose those events which led to the sorrows and troubles of the two principal persons in this narrative. you who read shall also see.

A different individual from this, yet one who wove a firmer, stronger thread in the mesh that engulfed Rupert Frayne and Rosamund Welby later on, and a more serious factor in their trouble, was an old man living in Paris; a plotter and a schemer; one who espoused a fallen cause. not because he was an honest, though perhaps misguided gentleman, inheriting the faith and loyalty of his fathers, but because, instead, he was an arrant knave who regarded politics as a means whereby to live, in much the same way as other men regarded commerce or the practice of the arts, or sheer hard work. A sinner this, and one grown old in sin, who worked much evil and gloried in it.

There was also a third. An adventurer, a mercenary, a swaggerer, who, possessing a sword and knowing how to use it, sold it to those who could and would pay for its service. For to be paid for evil doings, to earn money wherewith to live well and softly, to be able to eat of rich and succulent dishes and to drink Lisbon and canary. humtie-dumtie, punch, gin-the drink of the age !-rum-nog and egg-flip in England; or Florence, muscadine, Lunel, Burgundy, Bordeaux, Tokay and champagne in France, was what this man desired most in life, and, to obtain which, he would do anything. He would, indeed, murder a king or plot his downfall to so obtain those comforting things, or, on the contrary, would become that king's servant and work for him with as much earnestness as he would have worked for his enemy. And in so obtaining them, or in endeavouring to so obtain them, he would call himself Jacobite one day and Hanoverian another, would sport the white cockade in January and the black in June, while knowing all the while that those who proudly and openly wore either at the risk of life and liberty would have spurned him from their

midst and spat upon and reviled him had he dared to claim identity with them.

And still there was a fourth: a weak, trembling thing, a plotter, too, yet one who had better have been a monk than a man of action, and a puling girl than either; one who was wicked with the wickedness that comes of imagined conviction and not from force of character: a man who did evil not because he loved evil, but because he was ordained to do it, and was told by others that it was the right thing to do. Yet one who, having done that evil, would weep in solitude and groan and bemoan his fate, and pray to his God to pardon him, and promise amendment, and would absolutely amend until, once more, his weak and emasculated nature led him to further backsliding and wickedness.

Common, ordinary characters are these three latter; characters such as might, doubtless, have been as easily found in the Augusta or Lutetia of the Romans as in the London or Paris of later times and of Louis XIV.'s and Anne's last days, and as may be found to-day in the London of Edward VII. or the Paris of the Republic. For the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked (as well as weak), and it alters not as the generations go on and the world grows older; nor will it ever alter. But this all know who are in the world now, wherefore no more on the subject need be set down.

Thus, as the playwriters announced their Dramatis Personæ, there being always, in brackets, the information that one is a king and one a lover, and another a maiden beloved by the latter, with, thrown in, too, a villain and a plotter, and, as often as not, that villain and plotter's tool and victim, so have those been here announced who will play the principal characters that revolved around the life and fortunes of Rupert Frayne and Rosamund Welby for a time. And, as also was done by the old playwrights, the subsidiary characters must exhibit themselves upon the stage without receiving previous honourable mention in the caste or synopsis.

It is in 'La Pomme d'Or' that the scene opens, and beneath the roof of that old inn in the Rue de la Croisade, in Paris, that these dramatis personæ are gathered together ere they begin to strut their hour. Now, this old inn or hostel, dating back, some said, to those very times whence the street

in which it was situated drew its name (and at which many a lumbering long-wagon, patache and fliquette from the sea-coast as well as from the interior of France, and from even further still, drew up and discharged its passengers), had always travellers staying in it during the year which witnessed the death of Queen Anne in England and preceded that in which occurred the death of the Grand Monarch.

Built round a great cobble-stoned courtvard, as were most of the inns of the day, both in France and England, with balconies rising floor above floor from which opened the doors of sleeping rooms, it possessed also on that side nearest to the street a deep staircase that, itself, led to many other rooms. And, because of the comforts it offered to visitors to Paris—the beds being large, roomy and vast; the food generally wholesome and always palatable and appetising; the wine of a purity and richness which the increasing demand of later years prevented it from continuing to be-it was always full. Yet not always full alone of those who could afford to pay for its most expensive rooms and choicest viands and wines, but furnishing shelter as well to many who wanted only a plain, simple room, a meal or so equally plain and simple but wholesome, with, as well, perfect liberty to go in and out at all hours of the day and night. and to reach their garrets by either the stairs of the courtyard, or by that flight which was within the old house itself.

Consequently, while below-stairs many wealthy travellers, many political personages on their road to various Courts, and many young men who were making the grand tour accompanied by governors and servants, occupied the best suites and ate and drank of the best, too, there were found up-stairs people who only demanded a plain and inexpensive resting-place. People, such as wandering men of business, officers, who were in Paris with a view to bringing their claims before the Minister of War, priests, and sometimes, too, adventurers and adventuresses, since they, like other birds of prey, occasionally found it necessary to change their hunting-grounds.

On the last days of that month of August which has been mentioned, Rosamund Welby sat with her companion and erstwhile governess, Juffrouw, or as she was generally called, Fräulein Groesbeck, a young lady of a certain, or, rather, of an uncertain, age. For to gaze upon that calm, expansive

face (which reminded many of those witty individuals whom Rosamund knew in London, more of a full moon in all its ample rotundity than aught else—unless it were one of the cheeses of her own native land, Holland) as well as to regard those large, pale blue and somewhat watery eyes, was to imagine that an overgrown child was being observed. Yet he who, with masculine effrontery, or she who, with what is

since she was ten years old, which was ten years ago, and as she had then looked just as old as she did now, none who knew her history could have supposed that she was any longer in the first blush of youth and beauty.

Yet, who gazes on the waiting-maid when the mistress is before him? and certainly few men would have looked twice at Rosamund Welby's honest but homely com-



SHE SAT WITHIN THE WINDOW-SEAT, HER DRESS OF THAT STUDIED NEGLIGENCE WHICH HAD NOT YET QUITE GONE OUT, SINCE ANNE, THE LAST OF THE STUARTS, HAD BEEN DEAD BUT A MONTH

severely termed "feminine curiosity," studied more fixedly that broad countenance, perceived that she was not quite as young as might at first have been supposed. On the outer side of either of those limpid orbs were to be seen, when her large, effusive smile appeared, a little set of lines or wrinkles, while the white, firm flesh of the cheeks had in it a hardness that youth rarely possesses. Indeed, as the Fräulein had been instructress to Rosamund Welby

panion, while Rosamund's own enticing beauty was there to bewitch them. For she was delightful to behold, with her rosy lips and dark eyes, and the still darker lashes that hid those eyes; with, too, her even features and dark curling hair, which latter was very rarely disguised beneath a wig. Her complexion, also, was all that the complexion of a young girl should be: white, with, on her cheeks, the hue of the Malmaison rose; while as regards her figure,

somewhat tall and slight, many a man would not have asked more than that, in some stately dance, he should be allowed

to wind his arm about it.

She sat within the window-seat, her dress of that studied negligence which had not yet quite gone out, since Anne, the last of the Stuarts, had been dead but a month; and with, beneath her satin petticoat of faded-leaf hue, only the slightest suspicion of a hoop visible—the monstrosity of dress which was a few years later to assume such horrible dimensions. Upon her head she wore, thrown lightly, as though she had but just returned indoors or was shortly going out, not a hood, but a three-cornered hat laced with galloon, and in her lap there lay a pair of silver-fringed gloves and a riding-wand. So that, besides her fresh young beauty, there were about her such adornments as served to make that beauty more striking.

"Oh!" she exclaimed now, as still she gazed from out the diamond-paned window at the busy crowd which was passing along the Rue de la Croisade, "oh! if he would come. The long-wagon leaves Versailles at eight in the morning and should draw up here at ten. And now tis half after

that hour."

"Rupert Frayne will come, Rosamund," said Fräulein Groesbeck. "You know he will—does he not love you? Yet, remember, these Jacobite gentlemen have much to think of at this time. You are aware that the King of France espouses now the cause of King George of England."

"Yes, I know. As we, too, the Welbys, espouse it. As my dear father does. The Stuarts seem to have no followers left at

last."

"They did not know their subjects' wishes," Fräulein Groesbeck said gently. "Remember how hard, in your land and mine, we have struggled for the Protestant religion. In Holland we could never tolerate the Romish rule, nor can you in England. Your father knows that, well." "Oh!" again exclaimed Rosamund, "if

"Oh!" again exclaimed Rosamund, "if Rupert would bow to circumstances; if he, too, would give in his adherence to what must be, we could both live in England so

happily. Ah! so happily."

"Persuade him to do so," said her companion. "It would be best. With Queen Anne's death the last Stuart who will ever rule over England has passed away: their followers do but strive in a

vain cause when they allow themselves to hope for their return."

"I would I could so persuade him!"
Rosamund exclaimed, "I would I could!"

But the morning went on and Rupert did not come, although the long-wagon (which was a vehicle more like a char-àbanc of later days than aught else, and did duty for a diligence) duly arrived an hour late from Versailles; and Rosamund was terribly agitated at hearing nothing from the man she loved. For Rupert Frayne, the son of a determinate follower of the Stuarts, and himself filled with all the old Royalist-if not all the old Jacobite-proclivities, had promised her but yesterday that he would be with her this morning. He had vowed that he would come into Paris from Versailles, where he dwelt in a comfortable house he rented, and that he would then talk to her seriously upon what was very dear to her heart-whether, namely, it would be possible for them to wed and settle down in England as man and wife.

But still Rupert did not come, and sweet Rosamund was musing now as to whether he had faltered in a resolution to which she had almost brought him vesterday: a resolution to return to London and, though giving in no adherence to the Elector, George Lewis, as he always termed him, to live peaceably as a non-juring Jacobite. For, then, they might marryher father would be induced to give her to him-and so they could pass their lives together. Yet, since he did not come, she began to doubt if he had not relented of his decision. And, saying this in confidence, as always, to Anna Groesbeck, she determined that there was no longer any need to sit watching for her lover's arrival, wherefore she went away and mounted the stairs leading to the bedrooms the two girls occupied, after stating that she had letters to prepare.

Yet Rosamund had scarcely had time to mount those stairs ere Anna Groesbeck, throwing down the embroidery on which she was engaged, rose from her seat and, drawing over her head a hood she often wore, went out into the street and towards the Rue de la Licorne. For she remembered what Rosamund had forgotten, that a second wagon from Versailles was due there at almost this very moment, and that she, too, desired to see Rupert

Frayne.

CHAPTER II. -LONG LIVE THE KING!

N the previous evening three men sat within a small room on the second floor of 'La Pomme d'Or,' while one -he who faced the door from across the table-had upon his face the look which plainly shows that the senses are on the alert, and are being strained to the utmost. Any one carefully regarding him would have known that the sense of hearing in this man was being strained to the utmost. For, even as may be seen in a dog's attitude when, with eyes fixed in the direction whence it imagines it hears some unusual sound proceeding, it shows every possible sign of extreme alertness, so now there might be seen in this man's attitude the same appearance of vigilance.

The eyes of the other two men were fixed, as was their attention, upon the papers before them on the table—papers consisting of road-maps and an itinerary, as well as one or two other documents covered with writing; but his eyes alone, the eyes of this vigilant and watchful man, were gazing at the heavy oaken door as though he would pierce it through; and

still he listened and listened.

"What is it, Leicester?" said one of those others, observing at last, as he looked up from the table, this attitude of strained attention to something outside the door. "What! man, you do not dread the exempts—hey?" and intuitively he let his hand drop into the pocket of his coat and rest on something lying within that pocket.

"Nay," the other said, with a wan smile upon his pale and worn, though still young, face. "Nay. The exempts have heavier footfalls than those which I thought—which I believed—I heard. If I imagined that there was some one outside that door listening to our conversation and our plans, it was not of an exempt I thought."

"Of what then?" asked now the third man present, he being the oldest of the three, and close upon sixty years of age. "And of whom? Moreover, is this not an inn open to all, my lad? Are there not wealthy people, rich travellers, well-to-do guests on the lower floors, and poorer men, beggars, outcasts like ourselves, sheltering higher up? And those rich visitors have servants who, in their turn, shelter beneath the eaves. May they not pass from below to their garrets?"

"They may do so," the younger man named Leicester said. "Only—only—what I thought I heard did not seem to pass, Monsieur—Monsieur—"

"Gachette," said the elder man. "Gachette. That is my name. From—yes!—from Dauphine. Monsieur Gachette from Dauphine." Then, continuing: "You say that what you heard did not seem to pass. That it is—well!—is there: outside?"

"It may be so," the other answered, while the second man rose partly from his chair; his own glance, his own ears, turned now in the direction of the door, and with his right hand again in his pocket.

"It may be so!" Monsieur Gachette

"It may be so!" Monsieur Gachette repeated. "It may be so! And in such case, have you no knowledge of what is best to do? Nor you, Starbuck?"

"Ay," exclaimed the one who was addressed as Starbuck. "Very well, I have that knowledge," while as he spoke he advanced on tiptoe to the door, with now his hand withdrawn again from the deep pocket of his scarlet coat. But this time it was not empty, and, instead, grasped a pistol which he cocked with his thumb, while he saw also to its priming as he went.

"'Twill awaken the house," he exclaimed sinisterly, even as he spoke in a low voice. "Ay! and shake it too. Yet, if any has listened and heard us, it must be. Otherwise——" and he touched his throat lightly with the forefinger of his disengaged hand, and rapidly ran that finger round it

significantly.

"No! no!" Monsieur Gachette exclaimed hurriedly, he, too, speaking almost in a whisper. "No! no! Make no noise. Only, if there is any one there, discover them: see—observe their features. Know them. Know your enemy always, Starbuck. Thereby that enemy is in your power, or should be, later. But no noise, no noise."

Starbuck was at the door by now, and, a moment later, had flung it wide open and had advanced swiftly on to the landing, so that if any listener was outside he should be caught suddenly as in a trap. A trap from which he could not escape because the light from the lamp in the room streamed out after Starbuck, illuminating the whole of the dusty passage and landing, up and down which numerous feet passed all through the day and the greater part of the night.

The Intriguers

But there was no one there, as the big man (a man who, half a century before, would have been termed a swashbuckler or a bravo) strode forth. No one! Not a creature to be seen either on the flight that went upwards, nor on the two flights which led down to the ground-floor, as Starbuck could very well observe by peering over the thick oak balustrades, and gazing downwards to where, below, there glimmered a taper on a bracket, so that those who ascended and descended should not break their legs or necks in total darkness. Nor was there any one in a cupboard hard by the room door, into which the man peered, finding only a collection of broken furniture, a bolster or so for a servant's bed, and some rusty and disused fire-irons.
"Bah!" he said, re-entering the room

"Bah!" he said, re-entering the room and flinging the door to with a bang that shook the ancient house. "Bah! Your nerves are unstrung, Leicester North, and your acute senses are but the outcome of fear and trepidation. For you a glass of Rosa Solis or Nantz. Prescribe a draught for him, Gachette. You can do so, or for

any ailment on this earth."

"Nevertheless," said Leicester North, "I did hear a footfall outside, light as a cat's, that paused there," and he looked towards the door, "and it did not go on again, either up or down. Doubtless the feet that caused it scurried silently away

on hearing your voice."

"At least those feet are not there now," Starbuck exclaimed with a rough laugh. "If you doubt, go out and see for yourself. But, come, we waste time and the night grows. Finish! Finish with our plans and then, for me a cup, and to horse. For 'tis I who am the man predestinate. Is it not so, Gachette?"

"It is so," that person answered. "Have

you counted the leagues?"

"From here to the Hague as the crow flies is seventy leagues. In three days I am there."

"In two," interposed Gachette, "with a change of horses and with energy."

"There is no haste. When will the king

and his son set out?'

"To-morrow, the 31st of August. Thence he goes to Utrecht, and from there to the Hague. Let us hear," said Monsieur Gachette to Leicester North, "the papers of instruction again."

Whereon the young man so addressed, after turning over several of the documents lying upon the table, picked up one and commenced to read from it—

"They, father and son, quit Herrenhausen to-morrow night. It is thought they will stay three or four days at Utrecht. Thence they go to the Hague. There, after audience with foreign ministers, they will embark on, 'tis considered likely, either the Peregrine or Mary, and, escorted by Lord Berkeley's fleet, proceed to England."

"Such," he said, as he concluded, "are

the plans."

"The plans," said Gachette, "as communicated to you by Doramont" (mentioning the sobriquet used to denote a well-known nobleman in England) "and written down by you."

"As communicated by Doramont and written down by me," assented Leicester North, placing the paper on the table

again.

"So!" exclaimed Starbuck, picking it up directly afterwards and perusing it for his own satisfaction. "So! Now—'tis my part to upset those plans."

"Is the train laid?" asked Gachette, his

eves upon the other.

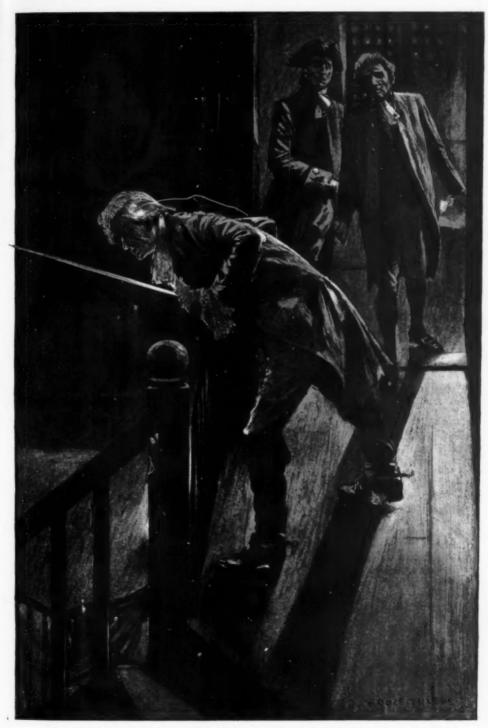
"As far as can be. At Arnheim, at Munster, at Osnabrück our men are gathered thick as autumn leaves, or vultures round a carcase. If he, if they-father and sonpass Osnabrück in safety, then those of our party who are there will follow on behind, so that 'twixt that spot and Munster they, the travellers, have their enemies-their executioners!-to the front and rear of While, again, if they escape even them. there, and proceed to Arnheim, so, too, they have in front of them those who wait at that town, with, behind them always, the double companies of Munster and Osnabrück. If, when I have fired the train, they are not taken off, and the Chevalier comes not to his own again, call me a wretched bungler."

"You will be at——?"
"Venlo. That is the spot for me. Not

the Hague, Monsieur Gachette. For, see now, my plans. Better ones than yours, too," and he slapped the old man roughly on the shoulder.

"I do not see.'

"Hear then. Beyond Venlo, near a village called Horst, the great roads break off and separate. One leads to Arnheim with, beyond it, Utrecht. That to the right leads to Munster with, beyond it, Osnabrück. Now, at Venlo I meet—well! you know whom—and they will be there. And one,



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HE PRIED EAGERLY OVER THE BALUSTRADE AND DOWN INTO THE WELL OF THE STAIRS

riding west, will hear the tidings that the Germans are coming; so too will the other riding east. How then can they escape?"

"How indeed?" replied Gachette. "That paper being sure," and he pointed to the instructions which Starbuck still held in his hands while he directed a glance of inquiry towards Leicester North, as though seeking for satisfaction of the accuracy of what the paper stated.

"Have no fear," said the latter. "They

are sure.'

"It behoves you, then, to be upon the road," said Gachette, addressing Starbuck, "you have no time to waste. Even as it is, if these two doomed men leave Herrenhausen to-morrow night, they will be at Munster ere you are at Venlo, no matter how fast your steed may gallop, nor how slow their Hanoverian white horses may drag their coach. Those at Munster can scarce be warned by you."

"Tush!" exclaimed Starbuck. "What warning will they need? Can that coach with father and son pass unnoticed, think you, along those German and Flanders roads? And the boys will be ready for the opportunity. In truth I am not wanted; yet, notwithstanding, I will set forth. They may be allowed to pass Osnabrück and Munster, but beyond Arnheim they must

not go.'

"Tis best you get there and warn them that, for certain, the travellers pass towards England. If 'twere not for Berkeley's fleet something might have been done on the seas."

"They will never get so far as the sea. Trust us. Now, Monsieur Gachette, for the wherewithal. Much money is needed, or—or—there may be a revolt. A failure of resolution."

For answer, the old man so addressed rose from his chair and went to a cupboard in the room, he leaving both Starbuck and North seated at the table—the latter having again in his eyes that look of watchfulness, or staring intensity, that had been there before; and the former busying himself with once more reading the notes made by North and, afterwards, putting them carefully away in his pocket.

A moment later Gachette returned to the table, bringing with him a great leathern pocket-book which he had taken from the cupboard, and also a bag that, as he put it on the table, clinked significantly; while, opening the former, he showed the ad-

venturer that it was full of bank bills and other valuables, such as bills on goldsmiths and merchants, and notes on the still new Bank of England at Grocers' Hall in the Poultry, ranging from £20 upwards; and

so forth.

"You see," he said, addressing Starbuck, "there is plenty to pay for work faithfully performed. But not before. He who pays in advance is as bad a paymaster as he who pays not at all. When," and now his voice sank to a whisper again, as so often his voice and those of the others had sunk that evening, "when the German and his son are dead-dead at the hands of those whom we know of; when the ancient throne is thereby rendered vacant and ready for those to whom, under God, it rightfully belongs, then this is for partition amongst them," and he slapped the great leathern pocketbook as he spoke. "But not before," he added, "not before, nor until certain proof of achievement has been given."

"But," said Starbuck, with a fierce laugh, "there must be an earnest; something on the account. We feed our dogs before we

set them a-catching rats-"

But his sentence was not concluded. For, even as he delivered his parable, Leicester North had sprung from his seat and, cat-like in his motions, was creeping towards the door, a strange intense light in his eyes as he glanced round significantly at the other men.

"It is there again," he motioned with his lips more than whispered through them, "it is there again. It is listening through the keyhole, stooping down to do so. I heard

its knees crack.

"So did I," cried Starbuck, taking no pains now to deaden his voice and lugging forth once more his pistol, while, with the other hand, he snatched up his long rapier from the side of a chair against which it had been reposing. "So did I. And I will trap it." Whereon he rushed at the door, cursed the key for bungling in the lock, and at last got the former wide open.

But, again, there was no living creature

outside on the landing.

Once more he cursed the rustiness of the key as he peered round, seeing nothing; then, suddenly, he pried eagerly over the balustrade and down into the well of the stairs towards where the taper glimmered on the bracket; his head bent above into the empty space, and his hands clutching the rail on either side of him—while behind

at the open door the white faces of the other two men looked forth, they being illuminated by the lamp from within the

"Ha!" he whispered hoarsely, a moment later. "A woman creeps down

"A woman!" murmured those two behind "A woman!"

"Ay, a woman. She passes now the bracket lamp, keeping close to it as though its rays should not fall on her face. confusion seize her! she shows no face. She is enveloped in a long riding-cloak and hood, the colour philomot-russet-

"Philomot-russet. What!" almost wailed

Leicester North. "She! she!"

"You know her," said Gachette, seizing North's arm, while his fingers gripped it like a vice. "You know her. Who is she?"

"Ay," said Starbuck, coming back into the room, while on his countenance there was now a look terrible to see. "Who is she-she who, if she has heard all, holds our lives in her hands when we return to England?"

"Rosamund Welby," North murmured through white lips. "Heaven help us all! it is she!"

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CHAPTER III. - UPON THE ROAD

UTSIDE the hostelry, which was seated on the left bank of the Meuse at Venlo, the fishermen were leaving the river since the night was now at hand, their creels and baskets being carried up to the town by their wives and children; the boatmen were preparing to go to rest on board their crafts, which, to-morrow, would drift down to Rotterdam with cargoes consisting of bales of tan and vats of beer-the silence that falls on a dull town as daylight vanishes, and when all or most of the inhabitants have been at work since dawn, was enveloping this town now. Yet this night was one which might have tempted even the most toil-worn to linger a little longer in the open air; to sit by the pollards, or beneath the poplars, inhaling the summer odours and gazing on the soft rosy glow that had been left by the sun in the heavens ere it sank away behind the North Sea, and listening to the carillons from the tower of the ancient church, to the laughter of the children, and to the cries that came up

from the river from some of the latter who still played upon its banks.

But all here were too used to these summer nights that fall over the great plains of the Low Countries, while their souls were not at any time sufficiently attuned to an appreciation of nature's beauties. they had to think of was, not whether it was a fine evening, but, rather, whether it would be a fine day again to-morrow, a day on which they would not be forced to lose several hours of work, as so often they were obliged to do in the uncertain climate of their land, and whether, on the next morning, they would be enabled to earn the wherewithal for the day that would pass over them and theirs. They required rest also-they had no time for the enjoyment or study of the beauties of nature! So they went to their beds, such as they were, leaving the shore and the inn which stood upon its banks to the quiet desolation of the soft September evening-since it was now the second of that month-and leaving, also, a man seated outside the latter on a bench-as he had been seated for at least two hours, with a table before him on which stood a flask of spirits. The man who, three nights before, had been seated in Monsieur Gachette's room in 'La Pomme d'Or' in Paris, in company with him and Leicester North; the man who had rushed out on to the landing and had seen that figure of a woman in a russet cloak and hood stealing down the stairs that led away from the room.

Sometimes, as he sat there, with, on his face, the reflected light of the roseate hue which still tinged the heaven above, he would draw forth from his breast-pocket some papers and glance at them, muttering to himself while he did so and tugging at his long moustache; and sometimes he would nod his head reflectively and sometimes laugh—though this latter he did in a surreptitious, careful kind of manner, as though afraid that he might be heard and, from being thus heard, might give cause for suspicion. Yet of what was there to suspect him-short of a glance being obtained at those papers, over which he brooded? What? Was he not an honest, sturdy gentleman who paid well for what he ate and drank and for his horse's bait, and had he not already on this evening flung coins to the children playing about on the

river shore! Yet, still, he laughed again to himself as



HE LAUGHED AGAIN TO HIMSELF AS HE REGARDED THE PAPERS

he regarded the papers, and read from them one name, that of Rupert Frayne. He laughed also as he recalled how Gachette had told him that such was the name by which he was to travel. "For, my worthy friend," that reverend gentleman had said to the adventurer, ere he set out upon his ride from Paris, while, as he spoke, the old man had laid a white finger on his sleeve as though to emphasise his entrance, "for, my friend, that is a good name to travel under. You know the man?"

under. You know the man?"

"Ay," Starbuck had said. "I know him, or at least know of him. A follower of our cause—the cause—yet a white-livered one. A Jacobite, content to sit down under the usurpation of his King's throne by an alien, and strike no blow for that King. A Jacobite who deems the taking off of an usurper as unlawful, and calls such things by the name of murder and cowardice. One who—what is it that Nance Oldfield says at the Lane in Will Shakespeare's play?—'would have holily that which he would have highly.'"

"Yes, yes. In truth you know him

very well, he is one such. One of the 'honest Jacobite gentlemen' as they term themselves. One of those who, if the Lord's Anointed are ever to sit on their thrones again, will let the Lord restore them without the assistance of their followers."

"Rats! Miserable rats!" Starbuck answered. But he also added. "Though, I protest, I know not why I am to be saddled with the fellow's name. Starbuck is good enough for me, and has been borne by countless honest veomen and gentlemen and ladies ere now."

"You know not

why! Oh! my friend, my very worthy friend, has your honest, straightforward nature blinded you? You cannot understand?"

"Not a jot!"

"Oh!" said Gachette, "think! Do but think, my friend. Suppose—only suppose," and again the white finger was laid upon the other's sleeve, while his eyes gazed up into those of the stalwart man above him, "that—that some little accident occurred—"

"Accident!"

"Yes, an accident. Suppose, I say, that you were stopped at the frontier—perhaps—suspected. Well! you would not like to have your own name, the name of those honest yeomen, those gentlemen and ladies now lying in honourable repose in the family vault, held up to what shall we say?—well! to an unenviable notoriety. Hey? Would you?"

"No," answered the fellow, who (although he was an adventurer who in solemn truth would, for the same wage as he now looked forward to receiving for the murder of the newly-invited King of England, have

attempted the same thing against the lawful but dethroned one) had still some heart within him. "No, I would not." While, as he spoke, he thought of one who, but a year or so before, had gone to join those others lying in the family vault at home. He thought of an old grey-haired woman whom, vagabond as he was, he had loved very dearly; of one who, whatever his faults were, had always let the door stand open wide to him, and had a welcome for him and a greeting as he crossed the threshold. He remembered his poor old mother! "No," he said again, with the roughness all gone out of his voice and manner now, "no, I would not."

Then a minute later he added shrewdly, "But if it comes to name-giving, it will come to something else, Papa Gachette. To arrest; to, at least, an attempted one, to, perhaps, a fight. And—if I'm trapped -to something else still. Humph! To a wheel outside a town, a-a-step and string dance-eh? To a walking up the stairs of the Sorrowful Mount, is't not so?"

"Bah! you are chicken-livered. Wheels! Gallows! Scaffolds! Bah! I say! Who will arrest you for such a job as that you go on? Not Louis' soldiers, nor watchmen, nor gate-keepers, I'll be bound. Not they. Tush! Do you think that he, the Splendid One, loves to see the Elector of Hanover become the King of his greatest antagonists, his most hated—and most feared—foes?"

"He acknowledges him—for peace doubtless-yet he does so. And James, your King-our King, the Chevalier-is sent away to Lorraine—to Plombières—to, as they say, drink the waters. Yet all know that Torcy had been ordered to send him away because France desires to give no offence to England and her new ruler."

"Nevertheless," said Gachette, still peering up at the other, "I know what I say. Louis would not weep if the Hanoverian coach, and the Hanoverian horses, and the Hanoverian King, and the Hanoverian followers were all blown up to the skies together. I tell you I know," he said, his voice becoming more and more shrill as "I know, I sav. he went on. And. to conclude, if you like not the work, say so, and before morning I will find a dozen men in Paris who will perform it. For half five hundred guineas, which is your portion. For half! For a fifth!"

"I like it well enough," Starbuck answered, his qualms leaving him as he recognised that he was not indispensable. "Oh! think not I am afraid. Not in France, anyway! But-but-you know-I enter the Low Countries 'twixt Valenciennes and Mons; they at least espouse

George. What then!"

"What then! Why! then you are anybody-whomsoever you will. A Frenchman travelling to Brussels, an Englishman making a tour, a soldier going to greet the Hanoverian on the road to his new toy-it has the charm of novelty! a throne. If you have not brains enough to pass that barrier, I have chosen the wrong man. Better had I sent that shivering Leicester North, half conspirator and half priest, than you."

But, as it has been seen, Gachette had smoothed away all obstacles, nay, all the suspicions which he had aroused in Starbuck's mind by his earlier suggestions that he might be questioned at town douanes or frontiers, and that, therefore, he had best assume another man's name. For now he was at Venlo; the last place where he would be summoned to give an account of himself was passed, and he was preparing to set out for Horst at once, as night fell. For Horst! where those others were to be met with who were to prevent George and his son from ever reaching or, indeed, from continuing their road to England.

From the guets outside the towns he had entered and passed through on the way to Venlo, he had encountered no obstruction nor delay, since, as he had nothing about him that was liable to a tax, there was no reason to prevent him going forward, and it was not their duty to either ask for passport or demand the traveller's name. But at the frontier by Mons the name had been asked for, and the horseman, true to his instruction, had called out "Rupert Frayne" in a loud, boisterous voice even as, with a pressure of his knee to the horse's flank, he had endeavoured to urge it forward. But he had, however, met with resistance from the frontier man in doing this, the fellow bidding him in horrible French, since he himself was a Dutchman, to pause a moment.

"Frayne!" he had repeated. "Frayne! How to spell it? Is it Fresne or Du Fresyne, or what?" and he held his lanthorn up to Starbuck's face as he spoke, and peered at him athwart its rays.

"Frayne, I tell you," cried Starbuck in far better French than the man's own-

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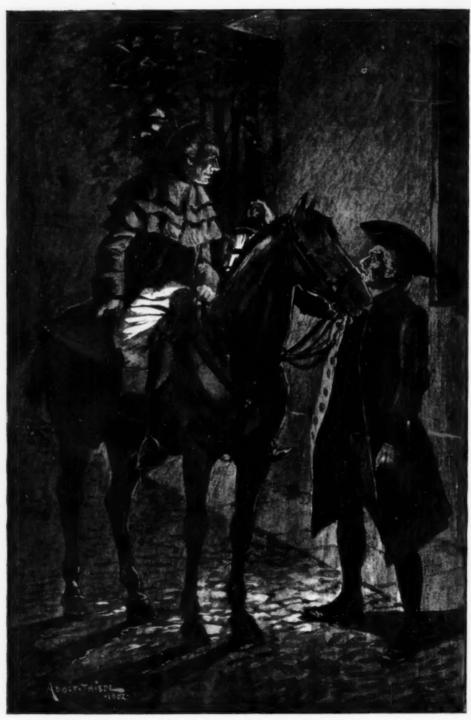
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"Pass," the man said stolidly. "Pass. I hope the great family of ruperfrayne will always prosper. Good-Night."

"Frayne! an honest English name. Shall I write it down for you, so that, thereby, you may remember it?"

"I shall remember it," the fellow answered. "Very well, I shall. Are there many of that name in England, or travel-

ling in France or Holland?

"Ha!" cried Starbuck, "you have a pretty wit. You are a joker! Many of that name! Why! fellow," he cried, "we are a great family, a noble family. We spread ourselves everywhere. Now," he said, for he was not without a rough humour of its kind, "there is my Lord Frayne, my worthy father, 'tis he whom I go to join in Brussels. Then, there is Ruperta, my sister; the Lady Ruperta. A beauty! A pearl! She weds into another great family, one nigh as great as ours, next week. Then, I, Rupert—of the late Queen's Guards—she knew my value—and—and——"

"Doubtless a great family," the man said, though still looking dubiously at the horseman above him, "a great family. Rupert, Ruperta Frayne," he repeated, running all the words into one as he spoke, and as though Rupert Frayne were one word. "Any more of this illustrious family? Any

more Rupert Fraynes?"

"Ay, plenty!" cried Starbuck, entering into the fun of hoodwinking the simple boor. "In very truth there are. Now, there is another Rupert Frayne, a lovely boy,—and—but the dawn is at hand, I must on to Venlo. My friend, when next I pass this way we must have a bottle. Is it not so?"

"Ja wohl!" said the fellow, still glancing

at him. "Ja wohl! a bottle."

"And," said Starbuck, pulling off his hat and making a bow, half mock, half serious, over his horse's mane, "have I your gracious permission to pursue my road?"

"Pass," the man said stolidly. "Pass. I hope the great family of Ruperfrayne will

always prosper. Good-night.

Whereon, with a merry laugh and a joke from Starbuck, while he touched his horse's side with his leg, he rode on towards Venlo, leaving the frontier man standing in the

dusty road regarding him.

But when Starbuck disappeared from his sight, the other went back to his hut and took down a book—a common thing composed of coarse paper, but ruled and divided into squares and columns. Into this he peeped, as he set the lanthorn down upon the table in a position best fitted to throw a light upon the pages, and ran a dirty finger up the squares and columns, until it stopped at the name of another traveller who had passed the frontier a few hours earlier. That unclean finger stopped there, while the man gazed with a fixed look, and then, at last, taking his eyes from off the book, turned round to a pallet in a corner of the cabin and shook another man who was lying fast asleep on it, he being his brother frontier man and custom officer for France, as the first was for the Low Countries.

"Achille," he said now in his Dutch accent, awaking him. "Look here. Behold a strange thing; observe!" and he pointed to the name in the book on which his finger had rested—as his glance had done, too—and then to the other name which he had recently inscribed, the ink of such latter inscription being still wet. The

The Frenchman, rubbing his half-opened eyes as he regarded the latter name, after glancing at the earlier written one above, muttered, "Ruperfrayne. What names these English dogs have! And, my friend, did you copy that from off his passport?"

name of Ruperfrayne!

"His passport. Hein! I forgot to demand it. I did quite forget. He dazzled me with the accounts of his great family. All called Ruperts. All, except the gracious lady, the beautiful sister, Ruperta, who is to wed a noble lord next week."

"May the gracious lady and the noble lord, and all of these accursed English, be sunk to the bottom of your Zuyder Zee, for aught I care," said the genial Frenchman, with a shrug. "To confusion with them all! They keep the whole world in turmoil! Well," he continued, "'tis your affair, not mine. You have let him into your land from France, 'tis not I who have let him into France from Holland." And he flung himself back on the pallet with a few more choice wishes for the welfare of the English, adding, when he had concluded his benedictions, that he was entitled to still another hour's sleep ere he took his turn of duty. And he also bade his colleague disturb him no more, till that hour was passed.

"Nevertheless, 'tis strange," said the

Dutchman. "Is't not?"

"All the English are strange," remarked the other. "To confusion with them, say I."

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON

III

The Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.

I was once said that the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., was a clergyman who preached to one of the largest congregations in the world, for his words had access by means of the printing press to a public which was numbered by hundreds of thousands. Week by week he has preached in this fashion from the pulpit of his weekly

and monthly publications with a sustained power which has grown steadily with the passing years. Long before we had become familiarised with "localised" periodicals, Mr. Bullock had started Home Words, which was soon adopted as a monthly magazine by a large number of parishes throughout the United Kingdom. It was in 1864 that Mr. Bullock began the Fireside Magazine. He was then rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and although busy parochial work he found time, as a methodical man utilising literary work first for his parish, to run this monthly

magazine. Seven years afterwards he initiated the highly-successful *Home Words*, which soon attained an immense circulation. Even with these two periodicals on his hands, the indefatigable rector saw the scope for a third, which he started the next year under the title of *The Day of Days*. It had the special aim of encouraging the careful and happy observance of the Day of Rest.

Having accomplished much useful work at Worcester—including the restoration of the parish church at a cost of over £3000 and the erection of a rectory-house—Mr. Bullock decided to resign his post, and devote himself more than ever to literary labours. He was impressed with the great need of sound and wholesome literature embodying Evangelical truth, and he set himself manfully to satisfy this need. "The printing press is the Church's lever," might be taken as the motto which he

attempted to enforce, and, thanks to energy and faith, he was able to organise a veritable network of publications which have done incalculable good.

As Mr. Bullock has written, "Good work is always uphill work," and it must not be thought that the success of his efforts was assured directly they were put forth. It was in 1876 that he established, with the wholehearted interest of Lord Shaftesbury and a large number of bishops and clergy, a penny illustrated paper entitled Hand and Heart. It remains to this day as capital popular monthly magazine, especially supplying illustrated tales for

home reading. Its success gave rise to the weekly paper now so well known as *The News*. It surely constitutes a record for one man thus to have founded and maintained for so many years four monthly magazines and one weekly newspaper with a brightness and usefulness which none will gainsay. "Only take a little trouble," Mr. Bullock has said to the clergy, "and the Press might be the bulwark of our grand old Protestant and Evangelical Church." He has set the



THE REV. CHAS. BULLOCK, B.D.

example, for his magazines always bear the impress of care and thought for the mixed constituency to which they go. Their readers have become attached to the editor in a delightful fashion, and when Mr. Bullock has appealed to their sympathies he has always met with a hearty response. At the time of the Indian Famine in 1877 a sum of £350 was raised, and as it was contributed mainly in small gifts by the many rather than the few, it was a tribute to the wide area over which Hand and Heart circulated. When that sweet singer, Frances Ridley Havergal, was called home, Mr. Bullock suggested a Memorial Fund which had for its object the extension of the work of the Church Missionary Society by the circulation of translated portions of her works. More than £2000 was subscribed for this excellent purpose. I may mention here that Canon Havergal, father of Frances Ridley Havergal, was an early and intimate friend of Mr. Bullock when he was at Worcester, and some of the first writing of Frances Ridley Havergal appeared under his editorship in The Fireside.

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But it is especially by the famous "Robin Dinners" that Mr. Bullock struck a chord of sympathy in the hearts of his readers which has vibrated every Christmas with He saw how many increasing force. thousands of poor children in London had no special provision for a happy Christmas, and so he put their case before his great circle of readers. In the first year funds enabling 300 guests to participate in Christmas rejoicings were received. Last year no less than 30,000 children were made happy for an evening, thanks to the response to the appeal by Mr. Bullock, who has been a Santa Claus to thousands of waifs who would otherwise have spent a sad Christmastide.

It would be impossible to conclude this brief account of one who has done so much by the use of the Press, without a reference to the large number of volumes, booklets, and tracts which have proceeded from his pen. There is his most acceptable book, entitled The Way Home, of which more than seventy thousand copies have been sold; the touching memoir of Frances Ridley Havergal, entitled Near the Throne; the book The Crown of the Road, and many other evidences of Mr. Bullock's unwearied zeal and literary activity. Of The Queen's Resolve no less than three hundred thousand

copies have passed from the printing press into all parts of the world. A companion volume, Crowned to Serve: A Coronation Welcome, promises to reach a similar popularity. The King and Queen both accepted copies of this book from the author.

If I were asked for the secret of Mr. Bullock's success in reaching such a wide public, and in continuing amid varying conditions to cater so wisely for it, I should say it was found in his desire to do good, and his determination to write for the multitude rather than aim at pleasing the more critical and less numerous class of The Indians said of the late readers. Bishop Whipple, "We loved the bishop because he always kept the trail plain. What higher tribute can we pay to Mr. Bullock, or indeed to any Christian writer or preacher, than to say he has kept the trail of the Gospel plain? Mr. Bullock has seen many changes in current literature, but he has also seen that, despite all the injurious effects of an increasing worldliness, a great mass of people want to read and hear the old truths which are able to make a man wise unto salvation and useful and helpful to others. May he still be permitted to wield his far-reaching influence for many a day!

The Rev. A. R. Buckland

Mr. Buckland has had for many years so close a connection with journalism that I turned to him to learn what he thought of its relation to the Church of England and Churchmen. A prolonged experience as leader-writer, reviewer, and London letter paragraphist, gained on a wide variety of morning, evening, and weekly journals, supplemented by nearly sixteen years' occupancy of the editorial chair in which he still sits, and aided by a connection with popular magazines which dates from his undergraduate days at Oxford, may give him some claim to have an opinion.

I found on putting a few questions to Mr. Buckland that he began to write in boyhood, and that he remembers his early attempts in the pages of a magazine which knew nothing of type, appearing side by side with those of one of the most distinguished and powerful figures in modern journalism. The magazine which published his first contribution in print has long been defunct, but he declines to express an

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Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

opinion as to how far he assisted in hastening its end. As an undergraduate at Oxford he first saw his work in the columns of a country morning paper, and his first magazine article made an entry into Cassell's. As a curate in East London, in the days when slumming first became fashionable, he found the Quiver and the Sunday Magazine ready to welcome studies of life in the East. And so he dropped into contributions to the Church newspapers more or less identified with the Evangelicals, before long to find himself a full-blown editor at twenty-nine.

"What," I asked,
"would you say was
the effect of your connection with journalism upon your work
as a preacher?"

"That is hard to put into a few words. But think how the habit of watching affairs, men's characters, and the development of ideas and movements, must help any one who has to speak to others. I do not think, as some appear to suppose, that it tends to breed a carping and censorious spirit. Journalism seems rather to produce a tolerant mind, anxious to do justice to all men, although, of course, it is not without its special weaknesses and defects.

extends one's knowledge of human nature in a very curious way, and although it reveals oftentimes the worse side of character, it constantly cheers by proofs that the religious feeling is wider than we sometimes suppose, and that there is much beneficence in the world which seeks no public recognition. One sees many proofs of the influence of printed matter, and much to make one regret that Churchmen of all schools are scarcely as alive as they should be to the value of this agency. In recent years they have learned one or two things. They have found out that the newspapers are willing to go beyond the trivial record

of what prelates and titled laymen are doing. They see that editors are getting to be more and more ready to welcome religious news which records not the ecclesiastical so much as the spiritual side of things. Foreign missions, once barely mentioned unless to furnish material for a gibe, are now dealt with as though they really were things of interest and things of importance. The more alert journalism of the day has perceived the change in public opinion, and moves with it. But there are still some austere journals which abide by

the ancient and musty ideas as to the value of religious news. The whole situation is in the hands of the newspaper reader. If proprietorsandeditors find that people really want to know more about the religious life of the day, they will supply the news. Their business aim in life is (within certain limits) to find out just what people do want, and to purvey it at a price. It is the fault of the buyer in the long run if he does not get what he wants. But I am afraid that the practice of choosing a paper because of the colour of its imperial politics, and not for its character or for its news, has hardly yet been broken down as



THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.

BUCKLAND, M.A.

thoroughly as some journals would desire."
"What about the Evangelicals and their

use of the printing press?

"Well, they are always being charged with lightly estimating its value. No doubt there is some truth in it; but the facts are not so discreditable as a careless observer may suggest. Remember what the old Evangelical spirit is. It still believes that the chief end of man is to 'glorify God and enjoy Him for ever.' In pursuit of this ideal it thinks but little of interests which may be deemed those of the world. It reads and re-reads the Bible and books that expound the Bible; but it has,

Personal Forces in Religious Journalism

as a rule, no great regard for general literature. It has not been brought up that way. Time is too precious, other concerns are too serious and too urgent, for much attention to poetry or fiction, or history or travel, save in so far as help the spiritual They may be called narrow-minded; but these people are, nevertheless, the salt of the earth. There are fewer of them than there once were? Perhaps so. But if people are more willing to find pleasure in literature, I am not sure that the change is The old magazines they placed in their homes were better than most of those which have become popular to-day. I fear that to-day, if there is a wider range of religious reading, it has not always the

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"But the clergy? For myself I think there is nothing much more astonishing than the complacent declaration of some observers that a parish parson should 'keep abreast of current literature.' How is he to do it? Men whose business it is to 'keep abreast of current literature' find that it takes them all their available time to keep up with a portion of it. The Evangelical clergy, engrossed in the details of

their own parish work, cannot do it. I have known a man of cultivated mind, an Oxford first-classman, say that it took him the leisure of a month to read a single book. Many of them rarely have more than one evening in the week at home, and when the long day's work is done there is not as much mental elasticity left as would make stiff reading a pleasure. Of course this leaves its mark on their pulpit work, and I think laymen are beginning to see it. Perhaps that may help to bring about as much release of the clergy from some of their toil as may give them at least a little more time for reading.

"I dare say you know that the Bishop of Durham has pointed out to the Evangelicals the danger of neglecting scholarship and literature; it may be that his warning marks a turning-point. At all events there are signs of a greater disposition to encourage both. They are loyal to the organs they trust, and use them as channels for good works to an extent that few people understand. Very likely they would make more of the Press if they paid much attention to what other people say of them. But that is not their way."

Over Occupation

THE age of machinery was to be an age of greater leisure, with a larger and freer life. This was a dream of our forefathers. In the days when the brain was the dynamo of human activity, and hand and foot its chief instruments; when the ploughman with heavy step trod the broken furrow from morning to night, or the reaper with bent back gathered the stalks of corn into sheaves; when a woman "in unwomanly rags" might

"Stitch—stitch—stitch;
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt;"

when it took days to send a letter, and weeks to reach a distant country; when the speed of a horse was the measure of the quickest communication—the life of today was beyond imagination. If any daring prophet could have foretold the change that was to be, and how things are now done, he would not have been believed. It would have appeared an enlargement of powers as

incredible as the addition of another continent to the world. The mere economies of time achieved would have seemed the equivalent of half a lifetime given to every individual of the nation.

Yet Lord Shaftesbury's words when he pleaded for the Ten Hours Bill have still a significance: "We ask but a slight relaxation of toil, a time to live and a time to die, a time for those comforts that sweeten life, and a time for those duties that adorn We are not beyond this ideal yet. He spoke for the towns. William Barnes, the poet of the Dorset peasants, put the same thought only a few years later in another light: "If it is not healthy to work for ever at a business in which, for example, the thumb and fingers shall gain skill, while all the rest of the body shall wither from inaction, so neither is it good for the man of soul and body to be holden too long in work in which the body only is in action, while the soul and mind are left in a dullness almost below rationality." When

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recently the Bishop of London uttered a warning word against "Over Occupation" as a danger of our time that made thought shallow and materialism easier, he was in reality speaking of the same essential needs as they press upon all classes now.

The slow and patient processes of work that once reduced thousands of households to a mild servitude were doubtless the occasion of many a homily on the value of time. Carpe diem was no new advice, but a hundred years ago, when social life was changing its forms, the improvement of time was far more frequently than now the commonplace of moralists and preachers. Young's Night Thoughts supplied quotations for sermons without num-Yet people groaned under the tedium of those days. Probably even fifty years back ennui was a more frequent complaint than in this generation. With all the rush and crush and overwork of to-day, there is more leisure to be had, and it has set multitudes free from the tyranny of detail. Would it be too much to say that the Sewing Machine prepared the way for the New Woman? The gain in time which it represents, with the redistribution of labour which it made possible, is only an instance of many economies which have made it easier to add other activities to those of the home.

At the same time, in every sphere there is greater expenditure; with the new facilities there is tenfold more work. If we can take a journey in a fourth or half the time that it once took, we do not set the hours saved down in the life-ledger to our credit, but we make another or three more journeys; and so in every department, we energetically turn our new powers into means of greater achievement. The life of the whole nation has quickened, the range of interests is immeasurably greater, every fresh discovery adds speed and force to the general movement. Leisure itself becomes athletic.

An American magazine, speaking of corresponding changes, says that from being a country of work, America has also become a country of play. People see that to get the best out of a man, you must keep him in the best condition, to which recreation is necessary. "A majority probably of the leaders of industry in this country, of the men of heaviest financial responsibility, play to-day as ardently, and in most cases as regularly, as they work. Many of them go to the golf field with as much regularity as they go to their desks, and with as much

profit. In twenty-five years Americans on a great scale have learned to live out-of-doors, and the multiplication of facilities for play in country clubs, golf clubs, tennis courts, baseball fields, rowing associations, walking clubs, wheeling clubs, and every other form of organisation for amusement, for recreation, and for sport, evidences the fact that the people have learned to play, and that, having laid a broad foundation of material prosperity under their feet, they are now beginning to take time to enjoy life."

The Over Occupation of which Bishop Ingram complained was not dull, continuous toil. It is varied, vivacious, intense, often self-forgetful and generous, a powerful stimulus in affairs; it may be service on committees, a round of religious or philanthropic meetings, of speeches or lectures, of great functions or public duties, which more and more the nation will claim from its sons; it may consist with a life which is chiefly one of duties. Or it may be product of this later view of life, which makes much of its enjoyments. We move so quickly from place to place, we are within reach of so many calls that the area of occupation widens, the opportunities of amusement multiply, till there becomes danger. Home life, say many, is extinguished. It frequently follows that the work done falls behind the real requirement, so many things ask attention that not enough is given. Impulsive expression takes the place of thought. Higher tasks are left unattempted, greater needs are left unsupplied. Time is too short, every evening is engaged. In many places more simple duties suffer from the scattering of energies. In nothing is this disposition of the times more conspicuous than in the effects upon public men. How many break in mid-life. When a man like Bishop Creighton, greatly gifted and nobly equipped, falls at fifty-seven, all London cries out regretfully at the burden he carried. It was this Over Occupation which killed him; not concentrated work too much prolonged: but the multiplicity of small demands from over a wide field.

Yet there are greater duties looming, larger spheres opening, harder problems that must be solved. Might we not ask for a re-division of labour in dealing with them? Might we not institute new orders of teachers, and guard more strictly each man's gifts?

BY GERTRUDE BACON

With Original Illustrations

The Engine-Driver

N a number of the Quarterly Review of the year 1825 appears the following remarkable sentence-"Can anything be more palpably ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Greenwich Railway for any sum. We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight miles an hour, which is as great as can be ventured on with safety."

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It is to be hoped, for the sake of poetic justice at least, that the writer of the above survived long enough—it need not have been so very long—to see locomotives running not twice but seven times as fast



LUNCH



THE DRIVER

as stage-coaches, and to put to personal test the possibility of travelling at more than eight miles an hour without grave risk of destruction. It is at least extremely probable that he survived to much modify his strongly-expressed opinions. Even as he penned the lines the doom of the old stage-coach was sealed, and the times were close at hand when the gay equipage and its spanking team should be replaced by the long train with its iron steed, and the bluff and burly coachman, with the flat broad-brimmed hat and coat of many capes, by the sober man in blue overalls, with greasy hands and blackened face.

It is with this modern edition of the stage-coachman of a century ago that our present paper deals. This highly-trained and greatly-trusted servant of the public, who holds in his hands the welfare of countless thousands—from the convict going

in chains to Dartmoor, to the King journeying in state to Windsor. This every-day hero who, on more occasions than have found their way into the newspapers, has laid down his brave life to save the lives of those he has in charge. This long-enduring labourer who day and night, in fair weather or foul, drives his fleet steed with its precious freight safely and swiftly over the length and breadth not of England alone but of the whole civilised world.

It is of the engine-drivers of our own country, however, that we are now to speak; their training, their work, their adventures, and a little of the romance that finds its way upon the footplate, as well as on the box-seat. As to the training, necessarily long and severe, as is befitting for a situation of so much responsibility and requiring so much special knowledge, let us ask the personal experiences of this grey-headed but yet hale and hearty driver, sitting in his engine at the siding, taking a leisurely lunch from a wicker basket in the hour or so he has to spare before his next journey begins.

Forty years' labour, man and boy, has he seen in the company's service, he says, and the time is not far off when, at sixty years old, he will retire on his well-earned pension. Nevertheless, though his hair is



THE DRIVER'S DOG



DRIVER AND FIREMAN

grizzled, and his face lined and weatherbeaten with long years of exposure to every kind of weather, he is as strong and lusty as any man of his age, and his days sit lightly upon him. For the life of an engine-driver is a healthy one, in spite of its hardships, to a sound man who knows how to take care of himself. As our friend himself will say, it is a case of kill or cure; for if a man be constitutionally unfit he will give way under the strain in a couple of years; while if he is strong, and plays no tricks with himself, he will find the grand life add to his strength, despite exposure day or night to rain, snow or hail and all the winds that blow. Bound to be a strictly temperate man he will probably tell you he has been an abstainer all his life, and that it has been his experience that when powers of endurance are put to extreme test he has found the total abstainers have come off the best.

For himself he began engine work when he was a lad of fourteen or fifteen, as a "bar-boy"—that is to say, it was his duty when an engine had finished its day's work and come back to the engine-sheds for cleaning and overhauling, to creep into the fire-box through the fire-hole door, armed with a torch lamp and a scraper, and

arrange the fire-bars in their proper places on the bearers, and clean out the clinkers. Things were rougher forty years ago than they are to-day, and the bar-boy's lot was no enviable one. Not that it is at any time a bed of roses. Frequently the lad has to enter the fire-box when it is yet so hot as to be distinctly uncomfortable, to say the least-230°, perhaps, or even more. When he gets too big to creep in at the furnace door there is yet plenty to be done on the other parts of the locomotive, for it takes ten hours to properly clean an engine and have her in readiness for her next spell There is need for plenty of of labour. enthusiasm, energy, and endurance on the part of a young boy when he first begins



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IN THE HOSPITAL

life as an engine-lad. Fair weather or foul, in bitter frost or biting wind, day or night, as the case may be, he must be at his post. Dangers lurk about his path; and many a lad has met his death between the buffers in the crowded sheds when one engine, perhaps, has unexpectedly moved another.

Nevertheless, there are never wanting recruits for this, the first rung in the ladder. After completing his time as engine-boy, if a lad is still desirous of following the profession he passes examination, both medical and technical, to qualify as a fireman. His eyesight in particular is most specially tested, and his ability to distinguish colours. As a fireman he works his way forward by slow degrees. First he will be employed merely on shunting engines that run to



IN THE HOSPITAL

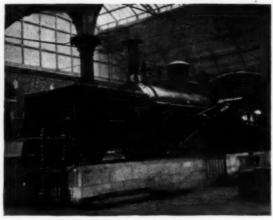
and fro in the goods yard. Then as his turn comes and his wisdom grows he will be promoted to "firing" on a goods train. Here, as circumstances occur, he will remain a period of months or years, and then attain to the honour of fireman on a "passenger."

The responsibility of a fireman is second



A G.W.R. ENGINE

only to that of the driver himself, and the actual work is probably harder and the risks more. It has been calculated that in a year's railway accidents in England a fireman is killed every fortnight, and two are injured every week. How such accidents occur is only too readily understood. The engine is standing in the yard, and the fireman gets underneath to set something right. The driver does not know he is there, moves his engine, and to his bitter grief crushes to death his trusty companion. In this way before now men have, most unintentionally, killed their own brothers, and even fathers their sons. Or, again, something needs



AN EARLY ENGINE, DARLINGTON STATION



ONE OF THE EARLIEST LOCOMOTIVES (1825), DARLINGTON STATION

imagined a wonderful thing that a man can fall off an engine without his comrade, a foot or two away. being aware of the fact. While the train is running the driver's attention is fully occupied; all the time he is ever looking ahead, through the little window of his cab, to pick up his signals and see if the line is clear, and he has little thought to bestow on aught else. Our driver himself will tell you how often and often he has run twenty miles or so at a stretch, and never once glanced at his companion standing beside him, or given heed to his presence.

Once promoted to a passenger train the fireman will set about

looking to while the engine is running, and the fireman is sent round in front. He never returns, and later his mangled body is found on the line miles away. A train enters a tunnel with the two men side by side. On emerging the driver finds himself alone on the footplate. The same thing, indeed, may occur in broad daylight. Perhaps the fireman has leaned too far out of the engine and been knocked off by some passing object. Perhaps he has climbed up on the back of the tender and been struck by a bridge. No one knows, for the driver cannot tell when the accident occurred. And let it not be



A N.E.R. ENGINE

securing his necessary qualifications for a driver. Again he will pass the doctor and be put through a severe theoretical and practical examination. All sorts of questions will be put to him. He will be asked what he would do under all manner of circumstances and in all possible cases of breakdown. Some years must still elapse, however, before he gets his promotion. Our driver friend was five years "firing" on a "passenger," and this may be taken as the average time. Michael Reynolds, in his fascinating volume, Engine Driving Life, says that before a man obtains his full driver's qualifications it may be reckoned he has 200,000 miles to run, 3000 tons of coal to break and put in the fire-box, three years of day work to do and four years of night. At the end of this, if all things have gone well, he will blossom out into a full-blown driver, and change his position on the footplate; for the driver and fireman have each their different sides on the engine. Great Western and several other lines the driver is on the right, but in some of the northern companies the places are reversed, and the left is the side of honour.

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As a driver our friend returned once more to his old spheres of action, though this time in a higher capacity. For two years he was "pilotman" on a shunting engine in the goods yards; thirteen years a goods driver, and the last fifteen years spent in driving passenger trains complete his time of service up to the present day. As to his present mode of life, we shall better understand its details if, under his guidance, one day, we are privileged to pay a visit to



IN THE SHOPS, WESTBOURNE PARK



IN THE ENGINE-SHED

the huge engine-sheds at Westbourne Park, the London head-quarters of the Great Western locomotives.

Upon the acres of rails, which lace and interlace with each other like the meshes of a fishing-net, the engines are ceaselessly gliding to and fro; while at frequent intervals comes the swift rush past of a loaded train inward or outward bound for Paddington. Engines are everwhere; on the turntables, at the water-tanks, standing in rows of five or six in the sidings. These are "live" engines, as the expressive term is; that is to say, their fires are lighted and

steam is up. As such they are not to be deserted by their drivers, who are directly responsible for their care. In the big engine-shed, where, in the subdued light, some forty huge locomotives, the finest the company possesses, are standing in close rank, some are "dead" with the engine-boys busy about them, others are preparing to arouse from sleep and feel the hot pulse of returning life stir within them. Clouds of black smoke are curling up from freshly-lighted furnaces, and through the dim haze the awakening giants loom huge and

When a driver has finished his run and brought his engine back to the yard, before leaving her he

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gives his orders to the coalman as to how much coal he wishes put in her tender, and, if there is a choice, what sort. Careful count is kept of the coal supplied to each driver, and the amount compared with the miles he runs, for to get the maximum of work out of the minimum of fuel is one of the proofs of a good engine-man. When the engine has been coaled she is taken into the shed and cleaned; inside by the "washers" who wash out the boilers, twice a week, and outside every day by the engine-lads. Three hours before she is next needed for active service comes the bar-boy with lamp and scraper, and after him the "fire-lighter" with shovel and hammer. First he breaks up a few lumps of coal in the engines to be lit, then goes to the furnace hard by where a huge mass of fuel is blazing



IN THE HOSPITAL

merrily, and shouts "Fire!" Obedient to his call come youths armed with long-handled shovels, and in these they carry a share of the flaming coal to each engine in turn. Later comes an inspection by the "shed-turner," who is responsible for the engines being in steam. The fitter too will look round if there are any slight repairs needed. When, therefore, the driver makes his appearance, about an hour before starting-time, he finds his charge coaled, cleaned, repaired, and in steam, ready for the day's work.

With the driver not infrequently comes the driver's little dog. Every reader is familiar with the station dog, so frequently to be met with at large stations up and down the lines. It may perhaps be news to him to learn that there are not a few engine dogs as well, belonging to the drivers, who sit by their masters' side during the runs, and constitute themselves watchdogs of their property at the stations. The driver's dog knows his own engine among a hundred, similar as they may appear. He knows his duty too, and woe betide the thief who would snatch a coat or basket when the driver's back is turned. These animals seem to find a keen enjoyment in the swift motion and rapidly-changing scene; and are never so happy as when ensconced beside their masters for a long run.

At Westbourne Park, as at other great locomotive yards, we shall find large and comprehensive fitting-sheds, machine-shops, forges, and so forth; and a kind of general hospital where sick and injured engines are being restored to health. Some are halt and lame, minus a wheel perhaps, and propped up with jacks. Others suggest pulmonary complaints with their waistcoats open and the doctor sounding their chests. It has to be a serious ailment indeed which the skilled physicians here are unable to cope with; and the invalid is generally dismissed as "cured" within the briefest interval of time.

Then as to the incidents and adventures of an engine-driver's life. Our friendly driver can tell us of not a few that have come under his own personal experience. He can talk of fogs so thick that he has had to stop his engine before the signalpost, take a lantern, and climb the ladder to see the signals. He can tell of the great blizzard of thirteen years ago, when he left home on a Tuesday night at eight o'clock and never returned till four o'clock in the afternoon of the following Thursday, being on active duty all the while. For his train was snowed up down the Hungerford line, and though by great exertions the passengers were landed at Pewsey, yet as his engine was "live," he was bound to stick to her till the snow-ploughs could get to work and dig her out; and not once but several times in the long interval, while he worked without sleep and almost without food, was he wet to the skin and his clothes dried on his back in all that piercing weather.

Another story he will tell of a strange accident which occurred to a mate of his only a few months ago. "He was working the fast train from Swindon to Weymouth," he says, "one morning. There had been a lot of rain in the night, which had blocked up the water-way under the rails and flooded the line. When the train came into it in the dark the vacuum-pipe on the engine

broke, and brought the train to a standstill in the water, which was five or six feet deep and up to the footplate. What to do to get assistance was the difficulty; so finally the fireman took off his clothes, and the driver tied them on his shoulders, and he swam to the land, and there dressed and went on to Holt station for help. The case was afterwards brought before the Board of Directors and they granted each man five pounds as a reward. The driver's name was William Priestly, and the fireman's W. J. Hall, and," he quaintly adds, "the engine's name was Pendragon—a four-wheel coupled 5-81 and bogey on front;" for to him she seems as a living entity-a third

partner in the proceedings. Of glorious deeds of self-sacrifice and daring wrought by heroes of the footplate there are no lack. But a small proportion of these are known to the public. In most cases an accident is caused, or nearly caused, by neglect or carelessness on the part of one of the staff; and passengers are not needlessly scared by the recital of disasters narrowly averted by the pluck or foresight of a driver. Every now and then, however, incidents come to light that make all England ring. Such was the death of Walter Peart, the noble Great Western driver who, with his companion John Dean the fireman, lost his brave life at Acton a very few years ago. The right-hand connecting-rod of the engine broke, and the broken end pierced the fire-



COMING THROUGH THE STATION

box. There followed a fearful rush of steam, burning coal, and boiling water, and in a moment the footplate became a very Inferno, to remain on which was certain and awful death. The natural instinct of the driver and his mate, scalded as they were, was to jump for their lives. But duty came first. The train was travelling at fifty miles an hour, and the two heroes remained at their fearful post to put on the brakes which brought the train up at Acton without accident. Before this, however, the fireman, burned and half-suffocated, had fallen upon the line, and the connecting-rod hit Peart on the leg and knocked him from the engine. Both men were frightfully injured, and lived but a few days after the accident. "Never mind," murmured the driver, a short time before the end, "I stopped my train."

> An action of noble self-sacrifice brightened the dreadful disaster at Thirsk, on Nov. 2, 1892, when, through the mistake of an overstrained signalman, the "Flying Scotsman" collided with a goods train, and many lives were lost. The night was thick, and the driver of the express, Roland Ewart, had scarcely caught a glimpse of the three red lights approaching through the fog, when the collision occurred and he knew no more. By the force of the impact he was flung from the engine, twenty yards from the line in a field. Badly injured and unable to move, he slowly woke to consciousness. He knew some



IN THE SHOPS, WESTBOURNE PARK

fearful event had occurred, he heard the rush of steam and saw the flames break out among the wrecked carriages; and when help came at last he refused it. "Don't mind me," he cried, "look after the passengers."

A parallel story to this appeared in the papers of May the 1st of this year. A Glasgow goods train was shunting on the London and North-Western Railway, near Tamworth, to make way for the night express from Liverpool. The signal fell for the express, and the goods' driver appar-

in time to stop the express before he fell unconscious to the ground.

One of the prettiest incidents of a driver's self-sacrifice occurred on the North-Eastern line in June 1900. Driver Thomas Scott saw a dog on the metals, and perceived it was in danger of destruction. He jumped from his engine and tried to entice it into safety, but while so engaged another locomotive rushed past, and Scott, not being in time to evade it, was knocked over and so seriously injured that both legs had to be amputated. The matter was taken up in the

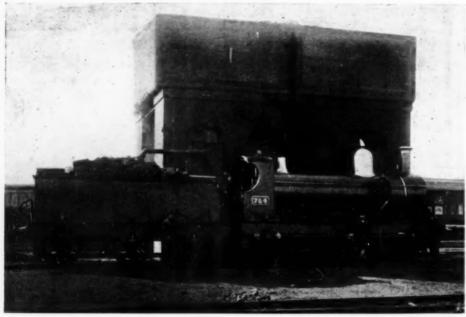


Photo by S. Victor White and Co.

DRIVER PEART ON HIS ENGINE
(Taken a short while before the accident.)

ently mistook it for his signal to leave the siding. He ran his train, therefore, to the points, which, as these were against him, caused the overthrow of the engine and eight trucks, by which the main line was completely blocked. Driver and fireman were both badly hurt, but realising the danger which threatened the express, the latter, Frederick Charles Davis of Swansea, by a great effort pulled himself together and painfully made his way to the nearest signal-box. As he went he laid danger signals on the line, and when he reached the signal-box he was just able to tell the signalman

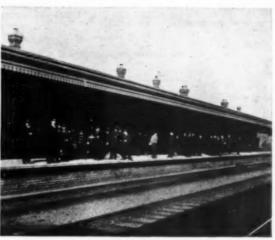
papers, and many a lover of dogs, touched by the story, contributed to the fund started for the tender-hearted driver, who had suffered so cruelly for his kind action. In the end a sum of about £1500 was collected from all over England, and it is satisfactory to learn that Scott is still in the employ of the North-Eastern Company, though no longer a driver.

Instances can be multiplied. Many years ago the driver and fireman of a goods train, while running down a steep bank near Shotley Bridge on the North-Eastern Railway, and nearing some platelayers' cottages,

caught sight of a little girl sitting on the line, playing with daisies in her lap, unconscious of danger. To stop the train in time was impossible; but the brakes were applied with all speed, and the fireman then rushed to the front of the engine. From it he sprang to the ground, and seizing the child he managed to get clear of the rails before the train overtook them; though the engine passed so closely as to actually graze the brave fellow's heels.

The foregoing are but a very few selections from the long list of gallant deeds, wrought by heroes of the footplate, which could here be related did space permit. The engine-drivers of England are, undoubtedly, as fine a body of men as

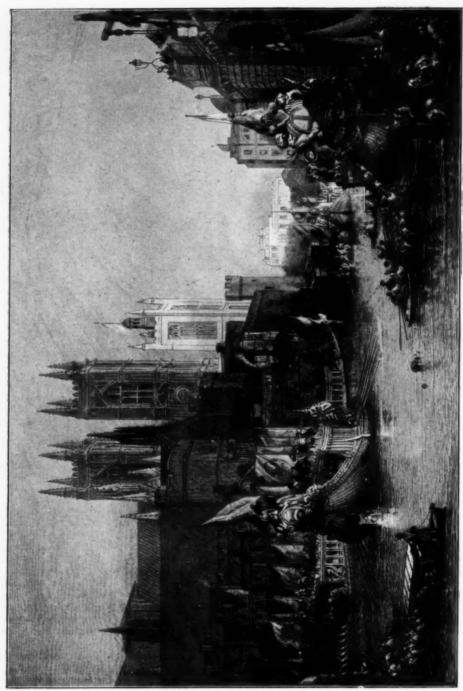
are to be found in the kingdom; and their country may well be proud of them. Hardy, intelligent, sober, industrious, true-hearted

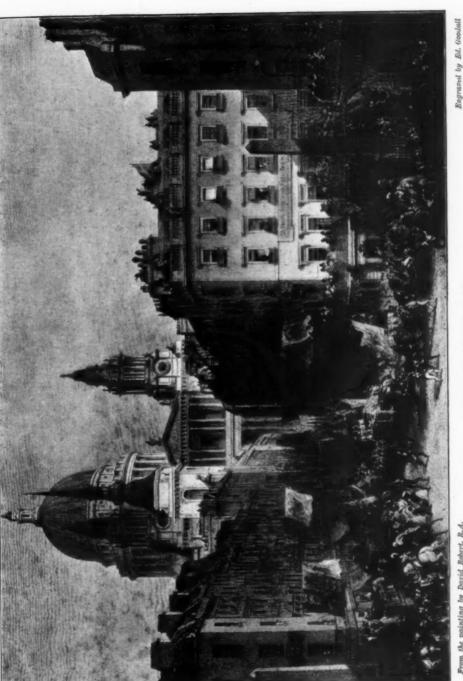


WAITING FOR THE EXPRESS

and self-sacrificing, imbued with the keenest sense of duty, the honour of England is in safe keeping when her sons are such as they.







LORD MAYOR'S DAY

THE CIVIC PROCESSION

Looking Back

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK

N a morning in August, he making another of his parish rounds, the minister turned in past Emo (just then being builded again) and went down through the fields towards Thrasna River. The day was close and hot, one of those relaxing Irish days when even the grasshopper is a burden, with a low sky and a haze wrapped about the hills. The world seemed empty or gone asleep, no birds in it, no sound of man or beast; nothing but a great murmur of gnats in the air and a distant whirr in the river meadow. Far away (so it seemed that morning in little Emo) haymakers were working on the slopes, women stooping among the heather; but these kept silent in the noon, closed in and vague like figures in a waking dream. The day was lifeless; and even the minister, usually so vigorous, plodded wearily, hat in hand and his staff beneath his arm.

Once come, however, within hail of the white cottage which stands on the riverbrink (the home once of Thady Sheeran, now of Wee James and Annie his wife), his step quickened. Something was toward down there, and life in plenty. Fowls were cackling, a dog stood barking, and from the open doorway that looked upon the river came a tumult of children, one squalling, another howling, a third striving to pacify both with piercing threats. And to greet the minister did the pig start squealing in its sty, and the dog come baying like a fury. "Good dog," said he; then turned from the littered yard straight into the riot of Annie's kitchen.

His figure in the doorway brought sudden peace; soon his eyes grew used to the smoky dimness, and he saw about the room. It was small, with whitewashed walls, sooty rafters, and a narrow window; here an open hearth, there a little dresser, everywhere pots and pans, stools and tubs, strewn upon the clay floor, and among them three children, one seated on the hearth, another tied in a chair, the third standing by the dresser in a cotton gown. All were grimed; the faces of two were swollen and streaked; but the eldest stood looking at her bare feet, aflush with shame. She might be eight years old. She had long dark hair tied

back with a red ribbon. Already she gave promise of that lithe beauty which once, in the good old days, had made Annie her mother famous in Gorteen.

A minute the minister stood in the doorway, his figure dark against the sky; then

stepped amid the litter.

"Well, Annie," said he. "So you're keeping house, I see." The child stood silent, twisting a corner of her apron. From hearth and chair came stifled sounds of sobbing. "Where's your mother, Annie?" asked the minister, bending low, his hat behind him, and the dog snuffing at his heels. "Is she out?"

"Yes, sir." Annie looked up. "Please, sir—yes, sir."

"Ah!" The minister laid hat and stick upon the dresser, pulled a chair from a corner and sat down. "Perhaps she'll be back soon?"

"Please, sir, I dunno." "Where is she, Annie?"

"Please, sir, I dunno."
"Ah!" The minister pulled the child towards him and sat her on his knee. "Has

she been gone long?"

"Please, sir, a good while." Annie sat looking at her hands, fingers twisting ceaselessly in her apron, her cheeks burning. "Father was cross at breakfast, sir, an'-

"Then your mother went out, Annie?"

"Please, sir-yes, sir."

The minister's face fell grave. He nodded slowly, with his eyes upon the prospect of hill and river that was framed by the doorway, telling himself that he understood. Ten years of plodding from door to door through a Loughside parish had perfected him in the art of drawing apt conclusions from scanty evidence. Father was cross at breakfast-time. . . . Yes; but where was Annie, and why had she left her childre.? Think of the open fire, the river out there, and only this child to watch and keep! "Has mother left you like this before?" he

"No, sir; not ever."

"And you don't know which way she went?" "Please, sir, that way," answered the

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"Well, we must find her, annie. Meantime, let us make things tidy a little"

child, and nodded towards the Crockan and the big river meadow.

"Yes. Well, we must find her, Annie. Meantime, let us make things tidy a

The minister rose, stripped off his coat, and helped Annie to clear the kitchen. Stools and chairs were put in their places, pots and pans set beneath the dresser, tubs and baskets moved into the yard; the floor was sprinkled and swept, the hearth cleaned with a heather besom, a fire built beneath the kettle. Then, all being in order, the minister held a basin whilst Annie washed the children's faces; sat holding a bowl of bread-and-milk whilst Annie fed them with an iron spoon; sat rocking the cradle with one quiet within it, and another on his knee sucking its thumb, and Annie spelling in a book on a stool beside him. He was flushed and hot. Sometimes he sang softly, and then Annie looked pensive; sometimes helped her with a word, or stroked her hair, and then she smiled over her book. felt happy; and when at last both children were hushed asleep, one in the cradle, the other on a cot in the little bedroom, he took up hat and coat unwillingly.

"Don't—don't go, please, sir," pleaded

Annie, her eyes in tears.

"But I must, Annie. I'm going to find mother, you know." He stooped and kissed her. "Now be a good girl, and sit there by the door till I come back."

"You will come back, sir?"

"Oh, yes—I'll come back, Annie," said the minister, and turned for the Crockan

and the big meadow.

His path went along the river-bank for a little way, past a fishing cot, a shallow well, and a few crab-trees; then across a ditch and straight up the conical hill, with its bristle of oak-stumps and scattering of stunted trees, which in Emo is called the Crockan. It was quite steep, and once on its top the minister had wide view of the country-side. He saw the haymakers at work in the big meadow and in the meadows along the winding river valley; saw misty hills crowding this way towards Bunn town and that towards the woods of Curleck; saw Emo standing high before the dim mountain, and the cattle in the rushy fields, and the sheep nibbling almost at his feetthen, of a sudden, a gleam of red and white half-way down the Crockan's river-slope . . . Red and white? That of a surety was Annie.

Softly the minister went down; stopped soon in full sight of a woman lying flat upon the grass, feet crossed, and head resting upon her clasped hands. She wore a red bodice and a spotted cotton skirt. Her hair was unkempt; her face, still handsome, and keeping its roses, was set and hard. She must have heard the minister's foot; for presently she twisted over on an elbow and looked back, then bent upright, clasped her upturned knees with both hands, and sat looking across the river.

"Well, Annie." The minister came down and stood beside her. "I've been looking

for you.'

"Have ye?" came back, short and cold, without word or sign of greeting.

"Yes. I've just come from the cottage. I found the children there."

"Did ye?"

"I don't think, Annie, it's quite right to leave them alone like that."

"Don't ve?"

"Something might happen to them, you know."

"Maybe if something did it'd be all the better."

This was strange talk. The minister sat down upon the slope, a little way from Annie and behind her, so that he might see her face.

"What a view one has from here." Annie kept silent. "I fear the weather will soon change." Annie's lips kept tight. "I suppose James is working in the meadow there," ventured the minister; and with that Annie spoke.

"I don't care where he is," she said, her voice keen and bitter. "I care nothin'

about him."

"Nor for the children?" asked the minister.

"No; nor for them. I—I hate them," said Annie, with sudden fierceness. "Yes; I do."

Again the minister thought it well to change the talk. A minute he sat pondering, his eyes sideways on the woman's face. Then: "You're not yourself to-day, Annie," he said; and getting no answer tried again. "What's wrong?" he asked, turning and leaning upon an elbow.

"Wrong?" A hard smile gathered upon her face, and she sat repeating the word to herself with quick little jerks of the head. "Wrong—wrong—what isn't wrong? Life's wrong. The world's wrong. . . . Ah, I wish to glory I was dead. Then—then all 'd be

over. Everything. Everything in this miserable world."

The minister, knowing the unburdening power of words, hoped she might keep on; but she did not; so he said: "But would everything be over then, Annie?"

everything be over then, Annie?"
"Ay. 'Twould. Better be dead an'
burnin' than endurin' here. Only I'm a
coward I'd be in the river there now,
only for—"

"The children?"

Her face softened a shade, but she hardened it quickly and went on—

"An hour ago I was as near doin' it as woman ever was. What kept me? What kept me back? Ah, my God, what I've been through this day! What I've seen. What I've endured."

She buried her face in her hands, and drew long breaths that shivered down her; of a sudden she looked round, face flushed,

eyes wild, and broke out-

"What is it to you what I've endured? What is it to any man? You're all the same—all selfish an' hard an' cruel. Women? Oh, God help poor women in this miserable world! A month an' it's all over with them, only drudges an' slaves, fit for nothin' but child-bearin', an' carryin' meat to pigs, an' servin' meals to the men that owns them. Fit? No; not even for that. For let ye drudge your life out an' you've only to keep them hungry five minutes too long an' you're not fit to wipe their boots. Ah, I know it; I know it well;" and resting elbows on knees and cheeks in her hands, Annie sat looking hopelessly across the valley, rigid as a figure of stone.

The minister wanted to speak, but could not. Fit words, in such circumstances, were hard to find. He understood, yet knew it vain to say so; sympathised, yet feared to show his sympathy; could no more than sit there silently waiting for

what might come.

During ten minutes or more he waited, with Annie silent beside him, hands crossed on her up-gathered knees and chin resting upon them; then drawing a long breath she raised her head and looked from hill to hill, slowly as might one who has just wakened from sleep.

"Ah, but this weather's woeful," she said, her voice softer now and deep with plaintiveness. "It weighs one down like lead. I can feel it in me very blood. It's just as if the world was in a temper, an' everything goin' wrong in it. Ah, yes.

Well I knew, when I woke this mornin', that somethin' was goin' to happen. I felt it strong in me. If it hadn't come soon it'd have come late; an' maybe—maybe 'twas better soon. Better get bad over an' done with. Better... Ah, dear heaven, the little it takes to blacken one's heart. Just somethin' in the air, just a mouthful o' hot words: an' there's one runnin' like a mad thing with the whole world fallin' in an' crushin' one down. Never before has such a thing come to me—never—never before."

Face in hands, Annie sat looking before her out into the haze that wrapped the hills, still with that waking look in her eyes, that pensive shadow upon her face. A little while longer, thought the minister, a little more unburdening of herself in words, and she would be herself again, awake and seeing. She looked at him.

"Have ye ever thought till your eyes burned?" She pressed a finger against her forehead. "Have ye ever thought till ye were afire just there? Ye think so? Well, that's how I've been these hours an' hours. Think? I've been mad with thinkin'. I've lain here lookin' an' lookin'back an' forward-till me head blazed. I've lived through every hour of me life as far back as I can mind till this hour; an' I've gone on seein' an' seein' for years. . . . Ah, the blessed old days! If only one could know in time. The free happy hours when one was a child, a wee thoughtless child, without care or pain; the times I had, away back, when Jan Farmer was here in Emo, an' Harry Thomson made love to me, an' every man in the country would ha' given his eyes to get me! To think o' what I was then. Ah, dear heart, the tomboy I was, the times I had, the chances -the chances! I wonder . . ." Her voice died out, and her chin sank upon her hands.

What was she wondering? thought the minister, his mind busy among by-gone things. Was she deep in the might-have-beens, wishing, regretting, contrasting them with what had been; seeing herself the wife of another than Wee James, maybe a lady in big London, maybe mistress in Emo, maybe contented and happy? All she said was true. Ten years ago she had had a countryside at her wilful feet: now, in these vain hours of revolt, she saw herself only a hillside drudge, neglected, forgotten. It was hard enough, thought the minister; yet surely was not too hard. Others had

Looking Back

to bear burdens. They came to every one. They had to be faced and borne—and borne alone. "An' now," Annie went on, unclasping her hands and folding them in her lap, "all's gone—gone—gone. Never can I be young again, or merry any more. All the wishin' in life can't bring back one day—not one hour; an' no strivin' can keep back what's comin'. Ah, to think of it, to think of it! All that behind me," she said, and jerked her head backwards; "all that before me," she moaned, and shivered, and sat looking into the future.

"Drudgery an' heart-break; work, work from dawn to dark; trouble an' trial an' pain; every day just the same, risin', toilin', goin' to bed, every day a little nearer to the end. Ah, but it's hard. Ah, but it's bitter hard!"

"It is, Annie," said the minister. "But it has to be met."

"Ay. It's got to be met."

"And after all maybe it won't be so bitter. There are bright things even there," said the minister, and waved a hand towards the valley. "To-morrow the sky

may be clear; to-night we may see the moon. Let us live in hope."

She did not answer; so the minister looked at his watch and rose. "It's nearly dinner-time," he said. "Soon James will be coming from the meadow."

She smiled, but did not move.
"I promised the children I'd
find you for them," the minister
went on. "Poor little mites,

Annie, suppose you go back and find—"

She looked up quickly, dread in her eyes; then, with a cry, sprang to her feet and ran, up the slope, down through the trees, and along the riverbank. "Annie," she kept calling. "Annie, Annie,"

Slowly the minister followed her; but when he reached the cottage. such a sound of joyful weeping came to him through the doorway that he paused, turned, and softly went away.



SHE LOOKED UP QUICKLY, DREAD IN HER EYES

The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris, with other Characters in Adam Bede

BY WILLIAM MOTTRAM (A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE BEDES)

I.-The Home of the Bedes a Hundred Years ago



Photo by Allan P. Mottram

ENTRANCE TO DOVEDALE, SHOWING THORPE CLOUD ON THE RIGHT

"O my beloved Nymph, fair Dove, Princess of rivers, how I love Upon thy flowery banks to lie, And view thy silvery stream, When gilded by a summer beam, And in it all thy wanton joy, Playing at liberty."—CHARLES COTTON.

NOT more than three miles from Buxton there stands a rugged mountain height called Axe Edge. It rises to an altitude of nearly two thousand feet, occupies a portion of three counties, and pours out from its flinty sides four pellucid rivers. One of these is the winding, rapid stream on whose flowery banks Charles Cotton loved to lie in the summer sunshine, on which he built his picturesque fishinghouse now standing at Beresford Dale, near Hartington, and where he and his friend Izaak Walton, the famous classical angler, held high converse as fishermen more than

two hundred years ago. The river Dove is indeed supremely fair, and the scenery on its banks is romantic and inspiring.

Dovedale, extending for three miles on its course of forty-five miles, is a deep, rocky, limestone gorge; through which the Dove swiftly flows, falling over pleasant cascades. Issuing from the confines of Dovedale, the river flows through rich alluvial pastures and by fruitful dairy-farms. Along its banks the trains of the Ashbourne branch of the North Stafford-shire Railway smoothly glide, to reach the Churnet Valley line at Rocester Junction. The second station en route is Norbury. During its whole course the Dove divides the two counties of Derby and Stafford, and Norbury is on the Derbyshire side of the stream.

The parish has never had more than four hundred inhabitants, and the greater portion

have always resided in the hamlet of Roston and the straggling district called Roston Common. Standing on a low ridge above the rail and the river is the parish church, concerning which the well-known antiquary, Mr. J. C. Cox, says: "The church of St. Mary is of peculiar and exceptional interest. It consists of a chancel, nave, north aisle, and tower between two chapels on the south side of the nave. The chief glory of this church is its old stained and painted glass. There are not six parish churches in

concern with it is that a hundred years ago it was occupied by a farmer of the name of Maskery, and you will find that name given in Adam Bede. A rising slope leads us to Roston Common. By the wayside is a disused school-room, which is said to occupy the site of a former school wherein Bartle Massey was the school-master a hundred years ago. This is a name familiar to the reader of Adam Bede. Let him not imagine that this is a name of mere fiction. The person it represents was real enough to

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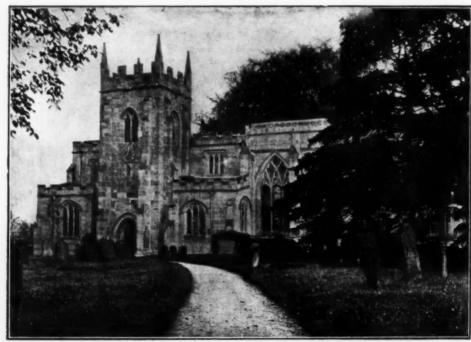


Photo by Allan P. Mottram

NORBURY CHURCH AND ANCIENT YEW TREE (Here Adam Bede sang in the village choir.)

England that have so extensive a display." Directly in front of the church are the simple memorials in stone of several of the persons who will be mentioned in this history. How calm and peaceful is the scene—

"But let me lie in a quiet spot,
With the green turf o'er my head,
Far from the city's busy hum,
The worldling's heavy tread."

Close by the churchyard is an ancient manor-house, formerly the family residence of the FitzHerberts of Swinnerton. Our several generations of school-boys and girls in the parish of Norbury, several of whom, to my knowledge, retained a vivid recollection of the tough hazel wielded by the veritable Bartle Massey.

A short distance in the same direction brings us to Roston Common, where there is a lonely house, standing on the left-hand side of the road, which is now divided into two comfortable cottages. At the time treated of in Adam Bede these formed one dwelling, which, together with a garden and orchard, the workshop at the south end and eight acres of meadow and pasture land,

were the property of one George Evans, who resided there with his wife Mary and their family of five sons and three daughters. One might wonder how a family with a name so distinctively Welsh should in those days be found in this remote part of Derbyshire. It has been discovered by one Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, a member of the Roston family, descended from the brother of George Evans, that three centuries ago there was one "Thomas Evans de Northop, in the County of



Photo by Allan P. Mottram

ANCIENT MANOR-HOUSE, NORBURY, HOME OF THE MASKERY FAMILY

Flint, Argent"; and that from this ancient sprung. The Evanses would seem to have Welsh knight these later Evanses have disappeared from Flintshire in the first half

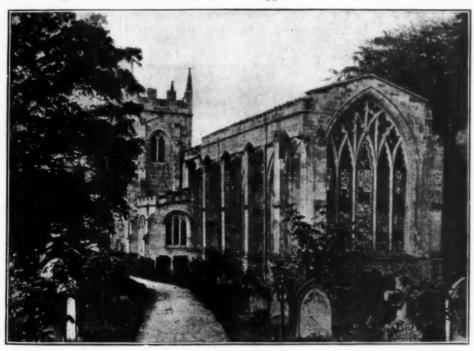


Photo by Allan P. Mottram

NORBURY CHURCH: EXTERIOR OF CHANCEL

of the seventeenth century, and towards its close the name occurs in the Norbury

In the seventeenth century great national commotions took place. There was the Revolution under Charles I., the Commonwealth under Cromwell, and the Restoration under Charles II. It is manifest that during those troublous times the fortunes of the Evans family had seriously declined, for the descendant of the Welsh knight of Northop appears as a humble resident of Norbury, with a significant appellation attached to his name by the clergyman who kept the parish register. Three times over he is described as "Joseph Evans, a traveller, and the word traveller as used then was equivalent to our use of the word tramp.

Another hundred years have gone their round, and we come upon another descendant of the ancient knight in the person of the George Evans mentioned previously, who is a freeholder of the county of Derby, and an honest and respectable tradesman. ownership of the small estate which was his a hundred years ago, has descended in the line of his family, an esteemed lady, his great-granddaughter, being the pro-prietor now. In his lifetime, the rural home was a scene of busy, strenuous toil. Although lonely and remote there were situated around it, at varying distances, a number of farm-houses and cottages, and it was within reach of villages and hamlets, where the useful handicraft of the father and his sons was in constant requisition.

George Evans was the carpenter and builder for the whole locality. His "brow was wet with honest sweat," while his good wife, Mary, was a woman of household thrift and motherly activity. Every one of the five sons was taught his father's trade after passing the scant curriculum of Bartle Massey's school. The demands of labour were constant and severe. The eight hours' day of toil was not even dreamed of as yet. In the summer-time, eighteen hours would be nearer the mark. There was, however, one blessed safeguard, the Sunday was in reality a day of rest.

In these restless times people weary themselves on Sundays in pursuing their pleasures. It was not so then, but for all classes the Sunday meant Sabbath rest in reality. In the forenoon the family of George Evans invariably went to church. Then followed, at mid-day, that important event, the Sunday dinner. It was the

repast of the week. The father always laid great stress on the Sunday dinner. This cheerful function ended, the whole of the Sunday afternoon was spent in a family Sunday school long before Sunday schools had been instituted in that neighbourhood. The boys and girls, instructed by the father, practised reading and writing, spelling and ciphering, they were catechised on their school-work, and encouraged in the way of simple elementary learning, and so the Sabbath wore on and was really a delight to all the family.

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"We thank Thee, Lord, for one day To look Heaven in the face; The poor have only Sunday; The sweeter is the grace. 'Tis then they make the music That sings their week away; O, there's a sweetness infinite In the workman's Sabbath day."

Hard toil on week-days, sweet rest on Sundays, a family life wholesome, if not refined, a home where the parents exhibited to their children an example of reverence, integrity, uprightness and industry, and where the children grew up healthy, selfrespecting, honest and virtuous, worthy citizens, honourable men and women. Such was the family of George and Mary Evans, and it is family life like this which constitutes the stamina and builds up the strength of a puissant and progressive nation.

In turn, every one of the boys was taken from school at a too early age to be inducted into the mysteries of the father's handicraft. There was no scruple then in putting lads to work in their tender years. It had always been so. There were then no Elementary Education Acts to restrain the father's liberty for the children's good; no set number of standards in the three R's to be got over, and no fixed age to be attained before a boy could be employed in labour, as is the case There were, however, plenty of fresh air, an abundance of homely, substantial food, and the care and love of devoted parents.

Less than half-a-mile away was the school of Bartle Massey. One of the earliest names I remember to have heard, outside the circle of our own family names, is that of Bartle Massey. Yet how far the picture of the quaint old man drawn for us in Adam Bede is true to life, or how far it is meant to be so, I cannot say. The recollection I have of the statements made to me

concerning him are that he was universally regarded as a clever school-master, that he had a great reputation for bringing his pupils forward quickly, that he exercised a severe discipline, had an erratic temper and cherished an impatient contempt for dull scholars, who generally had a poor time with him. Some of his pupils had to walk many miles each day to attend his school, because schools were scarce and his was popular; his school fees were sixpence per week for the tuition of each child, and

was inculcated by the committal to memory of long columns of words arranged according to the number of their syllables, without any hint, in most cases, as to what might be their meaning. Pupils in writing had copies set them by the master, or, as they advanced in the art, copies were handed to them for imitation, done in copper-plate. Arithmetic was taught after the manner of Walkinghame's Tutor's Assistant, and included not only the common elementary rules, but vulgar and decimal fractions, square and



Photo by Allan P. Mottram

HOUSE OF THIAS AND LISBETH BEDE, BIRTHPLACE OF ADAM BEDE

he usually collected his fees by sending in his bill at Christmas, except in the case of a few scholars who paid their fees weekly.

The reputation of the school-master extended far and near. The curriculum, though limited, was of practical value. Strict attention was paid to reading and spelling. The reading lessons consisted of such as were contained in various educational compilations, of which Mavor's Reading and Spelling Book may be taken as an example, supplemented by that "well of English undefiled," the Authorised Version of the Old and New Testaments. Spelling

cube root, duodecimals, mensuration of superficies and book-keeping. There were only the very feeblest attempts at teaching grammar, geography, or history. I believe it is quite true that Bartle Massey did try to induce his pupils to carry on their studies by means of an evening school, and it is probable that his complainings that so few of his old scholars availed themselves of the advantages he offered them are genuine enough.

Books were few, periodicals unknown, and newspapers very scanty. In chapter xix. of Adam Bede there is an inventory of

the books the hero of the story had read over and above the volumes used in his scant education. Brief as is the list, I know well that it would far exceed the reading of the great bulk of Adam Bede's compeers. Here it is: "The Bible, including the apocryphal books; Poor Richard's Almanack; Taylor's Holy Living and Dying; The Pilgrim's Progress with Bunyan's Life and Holy War; a great deal of Bailey's Dictionary; Valentine and Orson, and part of a History of Babylon, which Bartle Massey had lent him."

Markets and fairs, club-feasts and parish wakes, Christmas-time, Easter and Whitsuntide varied the monotony of village

life.

Ashbourne was the market town, while Uttoxeter, Derby, Cheadle and Leek were not far off. My own native home lay just across the Weaver Hills, at Waterhouses in the parish of Waterfall, where I was born in 1836.

On my mother and grandmother's side I am a direct descendant of George and Mary Evans, and it is among the Evans' household we must look for several of the characters mentioned in George Eliot's story of Adam Bede. Thus George and Mary Evans may be taken as typical of "Thias" and "Lisbeth Bede"; Robert Evans is undoubtedly the original who suggested Adam Bede. Samuel Evans, the youngest son, was certainly the prototype of Seth Bede. George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) was the daughter of Adam Bede and the granddaughter of Thias and Lisbeth. It will thus occur to the reader that in portraying Adam Bede our author was thinking of her own father, and had the very best reasons for the statement concerning her hero, that he had a dash of Celtic blood in his veins. This statement My relation to the was literally true. Evans family arises from my descent from Ann Evans, the daughter of Thias and Lisbeth, the sister of Adam and Seth, and my dearly-beloved grandmother. Thus, it will be seen, I write of things I have known from infancy. The most sacred associations cluster around the story I am about to tell, and the obligation to tell it comes to me bound up with the tenderest family

"There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height.
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears will fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight."

In those days, so long gone by, I drank in memories of Adam and Seth Bede and Dinah Morris with an avidity I can never forget. Adam Bede and Dinah Morris died when I was thirteen years of age, and Seth Bede nine years later. Of course, the main facts on which the story was based were thus known to me long before the book had ever been thought of, even by its author, for they were common family property. My mother and grandmother never wearied of telling me those facts, and it is on them the story is avowedly founded.

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My ears never wearied of my mother's recitals concerning her two choice family saints-Seth Bede and Dinah Morris. Concerning the first of these I was told of his conversion to God as a very young man, his union with the Methodists, his patience and perseverance in spite of the jeers of companions in toil and the scornful raillery of brothers at home. I had also been told of his pathetic prayers by his mother's deathbed, of his long and faithful labours as a devoted class-leader and local preacher, and his great usefulness as a visitor to the sick and dying. And how can I ever tell of the many unparalleled virtues attributed to Dinah Morris, of her heroic efforts to do good, her constant visitations of the afflicted, her preachings indoors and out for many years, and of a chain of events associated with her simple faith and consecrated zeal which were reported to me as nothing less than truly miraculous.

The early Methodists were firm believers in the miraculous, even as their great founder John Wesley himself was. my young imagination Dinah Morris appeared to have moved in an atmosphere of supernatural powers during the greater portion of her life. All this was related to me as being associated with a character of singular sweetness, unaffected piety, rapt adoration and exceptional power in prayer. There were neither fanaticism, Pharisaism, nor selfishness in Dinah as she was presented to my young heart, which drank in these recitals with silent wonder and stored them away in the chambers of memory; and so, from very early years Dinah Morris came into my life as a familiar acquaintance, dear to my mother by close personal acquaintance and devoted family affection, and consequently dear to me.

In 1849 her death transfigured her for us all, and was the theme of much conversation in our home. This event occurred

in Stonushire, and it was all so serene and Everything about her had a heavenly. warm glow of supernatural interest. She was my mother's revered family saint, a woman of transcendent spirituality, a character almost ethereal; one who had in very deed walked with God, and was not because God had taken her. Then she lingered with us in a mystic aureola of heavenly glory, far off from us now in the world unseen. But lo, eleven years after her decease she truly rose from the dead. In that time her own beloved niece and my mother's first cousin had most strangely developed from the clinging girl whom Dinah Morris had known and loved in her youth, and afterwards in her early womanhood, into an author of lofty genius. was this gifted niece who revealed the saintly aunt to a wondering world, transfigured indeed, and clothed in white robes of angelic beauty.

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In the story of Adam Bede, Dinah Morris became my idealistic companion for many a year. Various little commissions I had to execute for my aged mother concerning Dinah's children and other relations, and after her death, in 1887, Dinah came, by the force of circumstances, into closer relations with me. In that year, on the sudden decease of the Rev. G. M. Murphy, I was unexpectedly called upon to leave my happy work in Bristol to take charge of the church of which Mr. Murphy had been pastor, and of the great mission which he had created at Lambeth Baths. Here I was constantly appalled by the slow starvation I saw going on around me, especially in times of general distress. All my public funds and private cash had gone to purchase supplies for these famishing people. Then I thought of Dinah Morris, and she became the principal theme of a lecture given to raise funds for the poor. Hundreds of pounds came to me, romances of charity happened, and many troubled souls were made to sing for joy.

In process of time, failure of physical strength and nervous energy forced me out from this distressful but most blessed work in London, when I was called to a wider service, in which my health has been completely restored, in a sphere which gives me frequent change of air and calls me to travel over England and Wales as lecturer, preacher and missioner. Again and again have I been asked to give my



Photo by Allan P. Mottram

GRAVE OF GEORGE AND MARY EVANS
(THIAS AND LISBETH BEDE)

lecture entitled "An Evening with Adam Bede." In that lecture, as in the fiction, Dinah is the central figure, not merely the Dinah as painted by George Eliot, but the real woman herself as I have come to know her; and she has truly dwelt with me, a perpetual charm and an abiding inspiration.

There is nothing in this world so supremely attractive as holiness. Let it but be presented in association with Christ-like sympathy and practical beneficence, and arrayed in such a dress, holiness commands the world. In these papers it will be my valued privilege to present the real Dinah Morris to my readers after this fashion, which was, in fact, her own true life. In them I may have something to say concerning Thias and Lisbeth, Adam and Seth Bede. I may be able to relate something of interest also about Mrs. Poyser, but the principal charm in my story must centre in the strange experiences and remarkable incidents in the life of Dinah Morris.

How Birds Amuse Themselves

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE AIR," ETC.

Games of Birds-Swings of the Titmice-Anecdotes of the Mocking-bird and the Lories-Turning Somersaults-Dances of Ostriches and Cranes-Bird Kickers

COME modern writers would have us believe that the life of a bird is a life of constant fear; that not only is it all work and no play, but that it is passed in deadly terror. To a bird lover this idea is intolerable, and if accepted would take away all pleasure in making their acquaint-But happily this view is not confirmed by facts. One who has time, patience, and ability to watch birds, sees enough to convince him, that although always alert, quick to perceive danger and instantly to avoid it, birds do not pass their lives in dread and fear. On the contrary, there is plenty of evidence to show that our feathered brethren have sports into which they enter with the enthusiasm of youth.

There can be no doubt that the bird plays because he feels well—or is in a healthy and cheerful condition; but there is another way to consider it. The various exercises of play have important educational value, in the same way that athletic sports have for the human youth. They train the body for the serious duties of adult life. Groos, who has made a study of this subject, goes so far as to suggest that the reason animals and men are born helpless, with everything to learn, is for the purpose of giving this training; or, in other words, a period of youth and playfulness is a necessary preparation for life. This gives a biological importance to play, and makes the study of it most interesting.

We find, on closer acquaintance with their ways, that birds are extremely frolicsome. Not only when young and naturally frisky, as are all creatures fresh to this world of ours, but after they have reached their full development. Like us they have their social festivities, their concerts and dances, sometimes on the ground and sometimes in the air, for they have the advantage of us in the command of two elements.

Like our youth, with their various ball games—golf, tennis, base-ball, etc.—birds enjoy sporting with some object. Like some of our kind their fun occasionally takes the form of "teasing"; and again

their amusements appear to consist of posing, or a sort of tableau performance.

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Some of the social festivities of birds have been seen by wary and fortunate observers, notably by Mr. Hudson, who has graphically described many quaint and interesting customs of South American birds. But without doubt many more take place that have as yet been concealed from us.

One of the whimsical ways in which birds enjoy themselves is by the swing, which seems very droll in the possessors of wings. There is a whole family—the titmice common in Europe and America, who simply revel in this amusement. Sometimes singly and sometimes in parties these little birds seize the tip ends of long swaying branches, and hanging head up or head down swing back and forth in the wind, the more violent apparently the more fun, calling to one another in the merriest way. trick is played by others who perch on a weather-vane, swaying in a veritable wind, and showing their enjoyment by singing with glee as they bend this way and that to preserve their balance.

A prank similar to these was the daily entertainment of a bird I once had at liberty in my house. A hanging cardboard map had become so warped that the upper corners stood out from the wall. On this the bird delighted to pounce with a violence which made it swing back and forth several times, then fly around the room and alight again with the same result. This play he frequently kept up an hour at a time.

Birds are often quick to avail themselves of new conditions, and the pleasure of being carried swiftly through the air, which we understand and appreciate ourselves, evidently actuated a party of auks in the far North, who improvised a coasting ground on the roof of a tent put up by explorers. The birds spent a great deal of time and became somewhat troublesome by laboriously and noisily scrambling up one side of the tent to the ridgepole, and coasting down the other. Doubtless the fun of the slide

paid for the labour of the climb, as is the case with a boy in the same sport.

A great deal of the enjoyment of play comes undoubtedly from the delight in movement, but much is also due to the fact of accomplishing something, like catch-This bears the same ing some object. relation to the simpler plays that the various games of ball do in human life. Birds in captivity show this plainly. Parrots and cockatoos are fond of varying the monotony of their lives with playthings, bits of chain, glittering objects, a feather, a key, almost anything indeed they will amuse themselves with for hours, and show a strong sense of ownership by resenting any other use of the objects they consider their own.

A tame mocking-bird who had the freedom of the house was particularly fond of a paper of needles for a plaything. Finding this treasure in his mistress's work-basket, he would work at it till he loosened the fold, then seize one corner of the paper in his beak, and with one flirt send the needles in a shower over the floor, to his great

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Lories, favourite cage-birds of the parrot family, will play with one another in comical ways, hopping sideways in a circle with droll gestures, nodding their heads expressively, rolling over and over, shaking hands, and many other gambols. A noble macaw, says Dr. Karl Russ, and an Amazonian parrot played together like two puppies, wrestling and tumbling each other about.

Wild birds are not less frolicsome. A party of crows were seen by Mr. Long to play a long time with a bit of china, one snatching it and flying away with it, while all the rest tried to make him drop it, flapping their wings in his eyes, flying in his face, and in every way teasing him. When at last they succeeded, there was a rush and a scramble, and the one who secured it became in his turn the butt of the party. Hawks, probably mates, play together with their prey, especially snakes. One will fly to a great height and drop it, when his playfellows will catch it before it reaches the ground. Then the parts are reversed, and the second one takes his turn at dropping. Ravens act in similar fashion with sea-urchins, only this is a solitary game, where the bird who drops also does the catching, doing it before the urchin reaches the ground and is broken, thus showing that it is play and not desire to eat.

A strikingly human characteristic is shown

in the play of birds amusing themselves at the expense of others-what we call "teasing." A party of jolly blue-jays were observed in Ohio engaged in this game. It was cherry-time, and a well-loaded tree invited all cherry lovers to partake. There were busily-engaged robins, catbirds, redheaded woodpeckers and others. The mischievous blue-coats would stay quietly on a neighbouring tree till everybody was absorbed in the feast, then suddenly descend upon them with loud cries. Of course the cherry-eaters would be panicstricken and fly in disorder, when the funloving jays would calmly return to their tree and wait till all were back at their feast, then repeat the performance.

Tumbling over and over, or turning somersaults in the air is a popular game. The black-coated gentry excel in grotesque wing-play. Ravens, looking the embodiment of solemnity, are frolicsome as boys. One curious performance was seen by Mr. While flying soberly along, the bird suddenly closed the wings and rolled over on one side, turning completely and coming up on the other side, but sometimes he turned only half-way and "reversed" and came up the way he started. It was an extraordinary feat, and the bird proceeded on his way as if he had done nothing eccentric, but in a few moments repeated the sport, and did so four or five times in succession, with stolid flights

between

The dancing of ostriches and cranes has often been noted, but another sort is not so well known. This is a kind of "posing" play. Here is one conducted by a dignified grackle. Two birds take their place on the ground, facing. Then together they begin slowly raising their heads, twisting them comically from side to side, keeping their eyes on each other. Further and further stretch up the bills till they point to the sky, and even more. In this absurd position they stand for some time, then lower them, and all is over, taking their pleasure seriously, as their countrymen are said to do. Our own filcher or golden-winged woodpecker indulges in a dignified and comical performance, mostly posing.

The great plover has a grotesque play described by Mr. Selous. Towards evening the birds will begin to run around in great excitement, waving their wings, leaping into the air, and then "pitching" about like ships in a rough sea, and threatening every

How Birds Amuse Themselves

moment to dig their bills into the ground. In a few minutes the paroxysm is past, and the birds resume their ordinary demeanour. Another bird, the kagu in the London Zoological Gardens, carries this frenzied play a step further, and actually does thrust his bill into the ground and holds it there, kicking and fluttering with legs and wings. The last I shall mention is a "kicker"

(though not in the newspaper sense). He is a cassowary, and when the playful fit seizes him he rolls on the ground with legs in the air more like a monkey than a bird; then springs up and rushes madly about, leaping six feet into the air, and kicking everything he encounters, with such violence that he often lands flat on his back. This is perhaps the drollest of bird-plays.

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BY W. AND M. MONTGOMERY

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A Glance from Without

THE visitor to modern Oxford, running down from town with luxurious ease in an hour and a quarter, is not likely to envy his predecessor of the old stage-coach days, but in one respect at least the latter had a distinct advantage. He entered Oxford over Magdalen Bridge and along one of the finest highways in Europe, while the tram-route from the station passes through what Oxford people, impatient of any blemish in their fair city, usually describe, with rather exaggerated depreciation, as a slum. However, it is at

least short—and therein preferable to the weary miles of villadom through which one enters Cambridge—and historic interest is not long in manifesting itself, for there on the right we are passing-not three minutes from the station-Oxford We have all read in the picturesque histories of our childhood how Queen Matilda, straitly besieged here by Stephen's partisans, escaped across the frozen, snowcovered river in a white cloak-an admirable example of the value of "protective colouring"! The castle, however, or rather the portion of it which remains, is not a show-place, since it is included in the buildings of the present prison, and an "order" is required-from those who have

no law-breaking to their credit—as a passport of admission. Leaving the castle behind, the next turn brings us in sight of the spires of Oxford, and a minute later we descend at "Carfax" (a curious name in which the etymologists trace quatuor and furca as in the French carrefours), where the principal thoroughfares of Oxford intersect. High Street is in front of us, Cornmarket Street to our left, and St. Aldate's Street to our right. (In Oxford parlance The High, The Corn, St. Aul's.) We take the latter. Before us rises "Tom Tower." the famous tower of Christ Church. to which title by the way the designation "College" is never added. "Collegium" does not occur in the Latin title, which "makes authority," the original "Ecclesia" being interchanged with "Aedes" Christi, from which latter arises the colloquial designation "The House." Passing under the archway, between rows of cycle stands-an almost universal feature nowa-days of Oxford entrances-you enter the noble quadrangle known by the not very imposing title of Tom Quad. It yields in size indeed to the "Great Court" of Trinity, Cambridge, but not in general effect, for while the low buildings round the Great Court of Trinity seem to have no relation to the space between them, at Christ Church all is in excellent proportion. Near the right-hand corner, on the further

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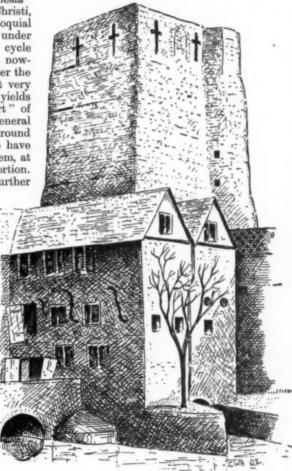
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side, is the entrance to the cathedral—at once the "College Chapel" of Christ Church and the Cathedral Church of Oxford. The interior has great and varied interest for the architectural specialist, but the average visitor has come to Oxford to see colleges, not cathedrals, and will probably content himself with a glance at the side chapel which is supposed to contain a fragment of the Saxon St. Frydeswyde's original foundation, and at the curious "Becket" window-dating from the fourteenth century-from which the piece of glass bearing the head of the murdered prelate has been broken out, possibly "by command." A few steps to the right of the cathedral entrance is the staircase leading to the Hall -after Westminster the finest mediæval hall in the kingdom, and the special glory of Christ Church.

Above the daïs at the further end are the portraits of "Founders" and Deans; Henry VIII. occupying the central position which should perhaps belong to Wolsey (on his right). Along each side of the hall are rows of portraits of distinguished members. The first to catch one's eye as one turns to the right is a vigorous Gladstone (by Millais), and portraits of Canning, Peel, and Wellesley (elder brother of Wellington, Governor-General of India and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland), remind one that Oxford has always been the Statesmen's-as Cambridge has been the Poets'-University. Of these Christ Church can claim the lion's share, and enjoys the unique distinction of having given England three successive



OXFORD CASTLE, OLD TOWER

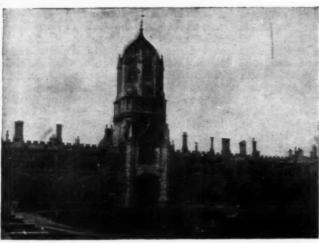


Photo by C. W. Hughes

TOM TOWER AND QUAD

Prime Ministers—Gladstone, Salisbury, Rosebery.

In the fine portrait of Pusey an unexpected touch of homely shrewdness tempers the cast of thought. Locke, the philosopher, seems worrying over some un-solved problem, Liddon looks keen and strong. Lawn sleeves are here in bewildering profusion, but we must not omit to notice that one of the "Seven Bishops" whose name is enshrined in folk-lore, as well as in history—the Trelawny whose fate was a matter of such pressing interest to the "Fifty thousand Cornishmen." He is remembered at Christ Church too, for having set up at his own expense the statue of Wolsey which stands over the entrance gate. A portrait of Wesley, whose long and distinguished academic career is apt to escape notice in the interest of his more eventful later life, shows that intolerant Oxford no longer burns her heretics. But perhaps the portrait which will interest more, and more varied, visitors than any of the others is one of the latest, which, close to the door, catches your eye as you go out, the sad, thoughtful facein that respect a typical humourist's face - of C. L. Dodgson, more

familiar as Lewis Carroll of the immortal "Alice."

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Diving through narrow courts and cloisters, we leave Christ Church by the South Front, and find ourselves in the Broad Walk - famous for its Church Parades on the Sundays of Eights Week and Commem .- and looking down another fine avenue, the Long Walk. Down this we hurry for a glimpse of the river, and glancing along its stately line of barges, smile at the oft-told tale of the lady novelist who makes her hero, in misanthropic mood, "leap lightly into his college



Photo by C. W. Hughes

CHRIST CHURCH HALL

barge and scull it rapidly down to Iffley," for a college barge is not precisely own brother to a "whiff." Retracing our steps we leave the Broad Walk by a passage leading up by the side of the squat tower of Merton, and, turning to the right, enter that venerable pile. The characteristic thing here is the library, said to be the best example of a mediæval library in England. The readers' seats are close beside the shelves to permit of the books being used "on the chain," and in some cases the curious bar arrangements for a sliding - chain - like that

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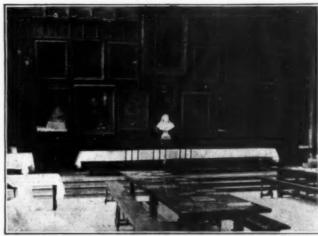


Photo by C. W. Hughes

HIGH TABLE, CHRIST CHURCH HALL

ENTRANCE TO THE HALL, ORIEL

sometimes used for watch-dogs—are still preserved. The barrel ceiling is a joy to connoisseurs.

Leaving Merton we turn back a few paces to look into the quad of "Corpus," and observe the amazing sundial surmounted by a wide-winged heron, at which—so a college tradition records—the saintly Keble, when an undergrad, was wont to "plug" his "commons" of bread. Historically Corpus has the high academic distinction of having been the first college to introduce the "New Learning" in Oxford, and intellectually still maintains a place in the "first flight."

Going up Oriel Street we look into that college in passing to admire the fine staircase and entrance to the Hall opposite. "Oriel" is said to mean "ornate," and the name is certainly appropriate, though, as a matter of fact, it was taken over from an earlier building on the site. For the "man in the street" Oriel has two rather diverse associations: the Oxford Movement—and Cecil Rhodes. The latter, however, is not the only "Empire Builder" that has gone out from Oriel, for there stands upon its older records the great and tragic name

of Raleigh.
From Oriel Street we issue on
The High, opposite St. Mary's,
the University Church, where
the University Sermon and the

Bampton Lecture are delivered. We may look in and note the pillar opposite the pulpit, to which tradition says that Cranmer was chained, while from the said pulpit a denunciation of his views was delivered. If ever a pulpit deserved the name "Coward's Castle," it was surely

on that day.

Continuing down The High, we pass All Souls', a college strong in Fellowships, but practically without undergraduates, who are represented only by four "Bible Clerks" (scholars)-just enough, as undergraduate wit has it, for a hand at whist! This seems an anomaly now-a-days, but it serves to remind us that originally the colleges were intended to be semi-monastic establishments of learned Fellows; the undergraduate, who looms so large in his own eyes, to-day is, historically, a mere excrescence! -a remark which it is not wise to make in presence of a muscular modern representative whose History may chance to be much inferior to his "Science."

Crossing, we are at "University," which advances an often disproved claim to have been founded by King Alfred—"of pious millenary"—and maintains a more solid claim to be, so far at least as its endow-

Photo by C. W. Hughes

THE HIGH, FROM NEAR QUEEN'S

ment is concerned, the oldest college of the University. Its chief show-place, however, is of quite modern interest, the Shelley Memorial. In a curious cupola-ed building of somewhat doubtful taste, under a strange star-spangled canopy, lies a recumbent statue of surpassing beauty, from which the surroundings, if they do not enhance it, are powerless to detract. Treating with imaginative freedom the idea of the poet's death by drowning, the artistthe late Mr. Onslow Ford-has represented his form as if cast naked on the beach by the waves, the abandon of death finely and reticently suggested in the fall of the slender, graceful limbs—as fit and beautiful a monument as poet could desire. It must have required some courage on the part of the authorities to sanction such a conspicuous "building of the tombs of the prophets" as this memorial, for Shelley, as every one knows, was sent down in disgrace for publishing a pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism."

"It is hard to know," as an Irishman remarked, "whether Oxford has been more unfortunate with the poets she has had or the poets she hasn't had!" Certainly she could ill afford to spare Shelley, since she has scarcely a name of the first magnitude to set against the magnificent bede-roll of Cambridge: Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson. Cancel the last with Swinburne (a Ballicl man) if you will, and set aside Coleridge, whose University course was somewhat erratic, and you have still half-a-dozen of the strongest names in English literature to set against moderns among whom Arnold disputes the first place with Southey, and Elizabethans, from whom Sir Philip Sidney, greater in himself than in his poetry, stands out as a star. It is the more curious since Oxford, in the judgment of impartial outsiders, makes by far the stronger appeal to the imagination—a fact of which Dryden, by the way, made a handsome acknowledgment when he said-

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be Than his own mother university;

Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage, He chooses Athens in his riper age."

At this point in The High colleges are crowded so closely together that one's progress is a zigzag, and the next turn takes us across for a glance at Queen's, whose fine front is almost opposite University. If any one quite unacquainted with

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the history of Oxford were asked to say at a guess what queen was commemorated in the title, he would in all probability name Queen Anne, for the taste of the Augustan age is writ large over the classic architecture of the first quad. The cupola over

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MAGDALEN TOWER

the gate covers the statue of still another queen—Caroline, consort of George II., so that Queen Philippa hardly looms as large in the public eye as her courtly chaplain Robert Eglesfield—the actual founder—intended. The name of Queen's is perhaps most widely familiar in connection with the Bearing of the Boar's Head which provides the Christmas journalist with an

annual "par." Less known, perhaps, but equally interesting is the New Year custom of presenting to each member and guest who dines in "Hall" that night a needle and a thread of silk—differing in colour according to his "Faculty"—with the admonition, "Take this and be thrifty." The rebus aiguille et fil for "Eglesfield" is supposed to give the "true inwardness" of this custom. Addison, better known in connection with Magdalen, to which he migrated, is perhaps the most distinguished name on the roll of Queen's.

Magdalen itself is our next objective, but as we leave Queen's we must not fail to turn and look back at the finest vista in Oxford, the view looking westward along The High. At this point the sweep of its bold curve brings into view at once the fronts of Queen's, All Souls', and Brasenose, with the spire and pinnacled façade of St. Mary's, and, further in the distance, the spire of St. Martin's, while on the left the stately front of "University" occupies all that can be seen of the "short side" of the

Magdalen lies a little isolated, the easternmost outpost of the colleges, and her fine

tower is from many points outside the city the most conspicuous of Oxford's "dreaming spires." Holman Hunt's picture has made widely familiar the May morning ceremony witnessed by comparatively few - when the choristers sing a hymn on the top of Magdalen tower. A friend who as a schoolboy took part in the ceremony used to say that what impressed him most about it was the fact that the choristers had hot buns for breakfast afterwards! "Beautiful for situation" —from almost every side -Magdalen makes an im-

pression of grace and charm unequalled by any other college, and many will agree with the royal critic who pronounced this college "the most absolute thing in Oxford."

Crossing the first quad, we notice in the right-hand corner the quaint stone pulpit dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The practice of preaching the annual college sermon here was revived in recent times

by the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang—now Bishop of Stepney—when Dean of Divinity at Magdalen. Passing the chapel—of which only the ante-chapel is open except at service times—we pass round two sides of the extensive cloisters and out, through a garden, to the "water walks," which are reached by a little bridge. The view from this reminds Cambridge men of "The Backs"—on a small scale of course, for

Photo by C. W. Hughes

THE REREDOS, NEW COLLEGE CHAPEL

the bridge merely spans a backwater of the Cherwell. From the bridge we turn into "Addison's Walk," with its

"brown o'erarching groves
That contemplation loves."

A few steps along the path take us to the high iron gate which shuts in the miniature deer-park, called the Grove, where a considerable herd of graceful fallow deer may be seen running and leaping. They are very tame, and will

sometimes come up to the windows of the rooms overlooking the Grove to be fed. Enchantment is in the air here; many a one has lingered in these glades and lost—his train, so we must break the spell, issuing, as to a different world, upon the bustle of the street. Retracing our steps for a few yards, we leave The High, turning up Long Wall Street, which follows, as its name suggests, the course of one of

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the old city walls. On its inner side lie the gardens of New College, but there is no entrance from this direction, and we have come this way in order to make a passing call at a college which is "new" in fact if not in name, the youngest of Oxford colleges—Manchester.

The chapel of Manchester is an excellent example of good taste applied to the difficult problem of so treating the interior of a modern chapel as to preserve the Oxford tradition without any pseudo-antiquity, but it is the two remarkable series of Burne-Jones windows, especially that represent-ing the "Days of Creation," which make Manchester one of the sights of Oxford. The contact of Nonconformity with the Oxford spirit suggests some interesting reflections, but here we can only pause to say that Mansfield Chapel-on a larger scale and used for a general congregation on Sundays -also thoroughly justifies its existence from the æsthetic point of view, while the remarkable series of statues of Reformers which occupy the spandrels of its arches show by their representative character that, as an Irish friend remarked, "They're very catholic in their Protestant sympathies."

Reaching, via old-world-looking Holywell Street, the end of The Broad, we must double back a little to visit William of Wykeham's College, whose title of "New" is a striking indication of the antiquity of Oxford. The entrance is curiously out of the way, and it is said that many a man is years in Oxford without knowing his way to New—which is quite possible if he does not happen to have a friend there, since undergrads resolutely bar sight-seeing. Just before reaching the gate one passes a curious covered

bridge over the road, which is said to bear some slight resemblance to the famous "Bridge of Sighs." All colleges have a certain pious feeling towards their "pious founder," but nowhere is the founder more in evidence than William of Wykeham at New. In addition to the usual portrait in the Hall, his statue surmounts the entrance gate—in curious collocation with the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary,—there is

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another statue of him in the reredos, and his crosier is preserved in a glazed recess of the chapel wall-in its carved and jewelled splendour, a truly magnificent relic. The chapel altogether is full of interest, from the ante-chapel with its "Reynolds windows"-painted, not stained glass - from which the central figures, Faith, Hope, and Charity, are so often reproduced, to the magnificent reredos with its rows on rows of sculptured figures, illustrating the Te Deum-the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and so on, though Richard II. no doubt owes his inclusion rather to the gratitude of the founder than to any special representative significance.

Returning up New Street to The Broad, we find ourselves in the midst of a remarkable block of buildings, with the domed Radcliffe Library to our left, the Divinity Schools and the Bodleian to our right, and the Sheldonian Theatre, where degrees are conferred, straight in front. It is an Oxford "wheeze" that a firm of theatrical property agents once addressed a letter to "The Proprietor of the Sheldonian Theatre," offering their services in case he wished to sell!

It is worth while, if time allows, to mount to the top of the Sheldonian, where there is a glazed observatory, and gather up one's impressions in the interesting coup d'æil of "Oxford from above" which it affords. Then passing on down The Broad we reach The Turl—a narrow street connecting the former with The High—into which we must dive for a glimpse of Exeter College Chapel, which should not be missed. This is quite a modern chapel (1859), and it is interesting to contrast it with "Manchester," for

they might almost seem typical, and each is excellent in its kind. There, was a clear cool light through windows not too richly charged to permit its flow, and in all appointments the utmost severity that is compatible with grace. Here is the kind of taste that belongs to Oxford High Anglicanism at its rich best (just as "Keble" shows it at its garish worst), a high-pitched roof, a "dim religious light,"



Photo by C. W. Hughes
THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL

filtering through windows that absorb most of it in their soft yet gorgeous glow, a richly-carven screen, and, if you have any fortune, the mellow tones of a particularly fine organ. It is the kind of place that might have suggested Milton's lines—

"There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below . . ."

And appropriately Exeter has an Organ Scholar and makes much of its music. The impression of richness and beauty is



Photo by L. T. Edwards

ST. MARY'S

worthily completed by the magnificent tapestry representing the "Adoration of the Magi." It was executed in the workshops of William Morris from the design of Burne-Jones, and is regarded as a masterpiece. Without losing the peculiar qualities proper to a tapestry, it has all the delicacy and naturalness of painting.

"Next door" to Exeter is Lincoln, which has less to show, though its unrestored, seventeenth-century chapel is architecturally of great interest, and contains some fine wood-carving and good glass. A curious Jonah in top-boots climbing out of the whale is conspicuous in one of the windows. A reproduction of the famous "Imp" from Lincoln Cathedral has lately been set in a niche in one corner of the first quad. Wesley enthusiasts can obtain permission to see his rooms, which are not, however, regularly shown, being in occu-Wesley passed nine years in residence here as a Fellow, and it was during this time that the nickname "Methodist was first affixed to himself and his friends.

The pulpit from which he preached is preserved in the ante-chapel.

Passing up towards The Broad again we may glance through the entrance of Jesus College, where the Welshmen most do congregate—indeed it is said to enjoy a certain exclusive repute in the Principality as "Oxford College." The quad, which contrary to the usual custom, is laid out in grass-plots and flower-beds, is remarkably pretty in the summer term.

Opposite, as we regain The Broad, is the handsome iron gate of Trinity, and next to Trinity, proceeding towards the Cornmarket, is Balliol, whose much-restored buildings are hardly of an interest proportionate to its great name; for to the outside public at least Balliol is probably the best known and the most respected name among all the Oxford colleges. How far the impression is correct that Balliol enjoys a certain intellectual primacy, it is not for an outsider to determine critically. Certainly at Oxford there is nothing comparable to the all-round paramountcy of Trinity at Cambridge. If Balliol leads in "braininess," it is only by a short head-"long head" somehow would be more appropriate-she shares with New, Magdalen, and Corpus the distinction of taking only men who are prepared to read for honours; and while Christ Church claims a certain social prestige, Magdalen, New, and Univ. fight for the headship of the river. It is, one would fancy, a much more healthy state of affairs.

Turning the corner, and continuing along the West Front of Balliol, we come out opposite the Martyrs' Memorial, commemorating the burning of Ridley and Latimer-which took place, however, before the other front. Designed in the style of the "Eleanor" crosses, it is a beautiful monument, and occupies a fitting site at the head of the wide "boulevard" which forms the northern approach to Oxford. Here, by the way, during the Long Vacation a very curious scene is to be witnessed. Oxford, of all places in the world, indulges in a huge annual fair, from which, as from that at Barnet-familiar to Londoners-all old-world charm and picturesqueness has vanished, and for a week the pleasant, foliage-shaded spaces beneath the grey walls of Balliol and St. John's become a howling pandemonium, hideous with shrill instruments, hawkers' cries, the organs of merry-go-rounds and the clamour of showmen, while over against it, white and calm, rises the stately column with its martyrs and its cross—a mute witness, amid the sordid babble, to the "things which do endure."

Straight from the Martyrs' Memorial, passing along the front of the Taylorian Institute and the Museum, runs Beaumont Street, which will take us most of the way to the station, and enable us to visit en route the gardens of Worcester, most beautiful, perhaps, of all the college gardens, though those of John's and New, Trinity and Wadham, are worthy rivals. Their sylvan charm gives a pleasant finishing touch to our impressions, and bribes us to pass the anti-climax of Hythe Bridge Street with unseeing eye.

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A Glimpse from Within

"DEEP in his unknown day's employ," wrote Matthew Arnold, who was not a naturalist, of the bird in Kensington Gardens; and the casual visitor to Oxford, if he does not happen to be a University man,

is apt to attach a similar slight sense of mystery to the occupations of those specimens of the genus undergraduate whom he encounters. The naturalist has since informed us that the bird was "getting his living," but as nothing so simple and satisfactory can be asserted of the undergraduate, it may be of interest to follow him in some detail through his daily round. There is, of course, a certain difficulty in "striking the average," but it may be remarked that there is now not nearly so hard and fast a line drawn between the "reading" man and the "sporting" man as there used apparently to be a generation ago or even less. A man may now belong to both classes at once; he may, again, though cases of this kind are happily less frequent, belong to neither class. The time has gone by when a five-mile grind afoot was the only "ekker" (Anglice exercise)

that the studious man allowed himself. Only a certain loop of road on the north of Oxford, known as the "Tutors'" or the "Five-mile Grind," still commemorates the custom of the past. Even tutors now play golf, when grown too old for hockey, while for "reading men" and "sporting men" alike there are countless forms of pastime and ways of obtaining the indispensable "ekker." And between the hours of two and four p.m. none but the science enthusiast and the wretch, whose reprieve from his "final honours schools" may be counted by days, ever dreams of reading.

But to begin with the morning hours. A man who is still in his first or second year—at some colleges every one, no matter what his year be—has probably to

"keep a chapel" four mornings a week. This means turning out before eight a.m. to be present at an abbreviated form of "Matins," in which some college chaplains seem to attempt record - breaking, to judge by the expedition they use in conducting them. Thus our typical man begins his day



THE EIGHTS

decorously early, being wakened by his "scout" or servant with the unvarying formula, "'Ar-parst seven, sir. Wat 'll you 'ave for breakfast, sir?" (To the "scout"

'ave for breakfast, sir?" (To the "scout" it remains 7.30 for nearly fifteen minutes, while he goes the round of his dozen or so of "gentlemen.")

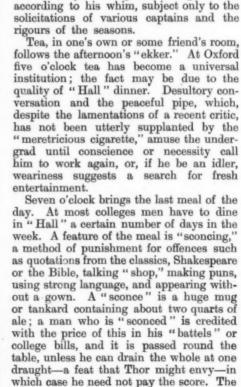
Howbeit A. B. or C. D. must tumble out of bed, for the chapel bell is clanging now, and he has, maybe, missed two mornings already this week. He makes a hasty toilet, the one essential being the cold tub (which to him, as to "Little Billee" in Trilby, it is anathema to omit), and just scrambles into chapel before the door closes. In place of "chapels," at many colleges a man may keep "rollers" (roll-calls) in "Hall"—functions at which a very négligé costume used to pass muster, but now the authorities generally insist on the wearing of a collar, which implies, of course,

a decent minimum of other garments. Yet even chapels have been kept in very strange attire. Indeed, a case has been known where pyjamas did duty uncondemned for grey flannel breeches. The owner could not afford to miss a chapel till the end of term, and had been thoughtfully deprived in secret of all his nether garments by some playful college wags, who dexterously removed his last remaining pair after he had gone to bed!

After "brekker" (Oxonian for breakfast) come "lekkers." Most men have one or two lectures to attend each morning, "pass" men generally having to keep more than "honour" men. The exceptions are those whose "schools" (as exams. are termed) loom so close that reading and revision allow no time to be wasted at lectures, which have been described by a cynic as "an ingenious device for providing dons with a raison d'être, and preventing zealous 'freshmen' from overworking."

Half-an-hour in the morning may be spent in looking at the papers either in the "Union," or better in the college J. C. R. (Junior Common Room), for there one may discuss the news. Besides the illustrated weeklies, the Sportsman, Daily Chronicle, and Daily Graphic share chief vogue, and many men display a familiarity with the names, feats, and even initials of athletes that would give Mr. Kipling cold shudders, and startle "schools" examiners by their proof of misguided powers of memory.

One p.m. is the almost universal luncheon hour: the meal is, as a rule, more a necessity than a pleasure. It is commonly a light and unsatisfactory repast, although bread-and-marmalade is not quite the staple luncheon of Oxford that it has sometimes



"sconce" is inflicted by the man who pre-

sides at the table, generally the senior scholar, or the "steward," and the don who

been represented. After lunch comes the serious business of the day. At the begin-

ning of the academic year (i.e. in October)

nearly every other man goes down to the river to be "tubbed," i.e. taken out in a

"tub pair" by an old hand and taught the

elements of rowing. Many get no farther

towards the final glory of an "eightsman"

than the doubtful pleasure of rowing in a

college "junior fours" race. Others of the

more promising have to be content with a place in the "Togger" or "Torpid" (so

called in contradistinction, it is thought, to the swift "Eight"). Both the "Torpids" and the "Eights" are inter-college races,

and create intense excitement, the latter

being the great excitement of the summer

term, while the former are rowed in the stormy days of February. The non-rowers

and those who are from time to time re-

jected devote themselves to football, hockey,

golf, cricket, tennis, racquets, sailing, and

almost every known pastime or sport, each



Photo by L. T. Edwards

THE BARGES

presides at the "high table" forms a court of appeal, but he is rarely troubled, as the appeal must generally be in Latin.

The porter's lodge, where the letters lie, is a general meeting-place for a few minutes after "Hall." Gradually the crowd breaks up, and men go off to drink coffee, to read, to attend the theatre, or amuse themselves in some other way. And so ends an ordinary day in the life of an Oxford undergrad.

So much for his pursuits. What of the man himself? This is harder to tell, for even in Oxford men vary far more than do their occupations. Yet some say that they can tell a 'Varsity man by his mere exterior! There be those that accuse him of having a gait all his own-an easy, unhurrying, even slouching stride that comes of much perambulating arm-in-arm. But this is a matter of opinion. He has, of course, some indispensable, inseparable accompaniments. There is the Oxford slang, for instance; worse still, the inartistic, but so comfortable, "Oxford cap" of cloth. Besides the summer straw, the billycock is, indeed, the only hat that the 'Varsity man affects, and its use is practically consecrate to Sunday wear, and even on that day is not quite so universal as once it was. But it is an accepted axiom and common instance of a logical proposition that "at Oxford only heads of colleges, clergymen, and 'scouts' wear tall hats.

Again, besides occasions of congratulation, there are only two other in a term when 'Varsity men shake hands with one another, once when they first meet and again when they last part—never on entering each others' rooms even to a set meal, however rarely they may see one another. This is a shibboleth, and it frequently reveals the visitor. Yet a "don," however newly enfranchised, if he entertains undergrads in his rooms, is always expected to shake hands with them.

It is the statute of the University that undergraduates "quoties in publicum in Universitate prodeunt" are to be arrayed in cap and gown. But the etiquette is to discard the despised symbols whenever possible, so that they are worn only when admission is desired to a place which cannot be entered without them, such as chapel, hall, or lecture-room. And as the cap is, of course, not worn in any of these places, many men make a habit of carrying the gown through the streets and wearing their cloth caps. They may be fined by the

proctors if caught so doing, but the risk is too slight to act as an efficient deterrent, and the authorities at Oxford are in this matter far laxer than those at the sister University. Few men are more notorious than the proctor who interprets his duties too strictly.

Enough of dress and etiquette: it remains to say a word about the Oxford man himself. True, nothing can be said that will fit every individual; only a few things, perhaps, of the majority. First, then, he is young, and so a lover of sport. He is fond of his games, his jokes, and his songs; most of all, perhaps, of his "rag." The term is generic, and connotes "rows" of every sort and degree from a noisy debate to a Mafeking night. The 'Varsity man is as fond as any school-boy of fireworks and "bonners" (i.e. bonfires), which are frequent in the celebration of athletic triumphs. A Merton man has been heard to describe the famous and valuable library of his college as "a beastly nuisance, you know," since regard for its safety puts a ban upon bon-fires at Merton. The 'Varsity man, then, is very often in a playful mood, though he has been known to be serious upon occasion. He frequently poses as a sceptic and a critic, although nearly always a partisan and an enthusiast at heart. He is as casual in his methods as he is generous in his intentions, and notwithstanding is a stickler for etiquette. He is a lover of dialectics, an ardent politician, and not so far removed from the outer world as he is expected to believe himself. Temperate rather than abstemious, he is infrequently a teetotaler, less often a non-smoker. He loves above all men one that is a jolly good fellow, for he has so much pleasure himself that he does not see cause for any to be gloomy. Open of manner, he is generally reserved in mind, and knowing him slightly you would scarcely suspect him either of ideals or of aspirations. He talks oftenest of athletics, frequently of politics, occasionally of his work, not often of his thoughts, most rarely of his beliefs. Admitting the differences of age and surroundings, he probably resembles most other men more than they, or he, are apt to think. Whether or no that be the case, you, at least, have doubtless heard enough by this time of the undergrad. As for the don, he is not included in the caste; for, indeed, though he is to be found upon the same stage, he belongs to a very different company and to another and but slightly-related drama.

The Grumpy Man

BY MRS. HARTLEY PERKS

T was past nine on a winter's evening. Through the misty gloom a tenor voice rang clear and resonant. The singer stood on the edge of the pavement, guitar in hand, with upturned coat-collar, a widebrimmed soft hat sheltering his face.

> " I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem: Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them. Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow When friendships decay, And from love's shining circle The gems drop away. When true hearts lie withered, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world alone?"

The well-placed voice and accent were those of an educated man. The words of the old song, delivered clearly with true musical feeling, were touched with a thrill

of passion.

The thread of the melody was abruptly cut off by a sudden mad clatter of hoofs. A carriage dashed wildly along and swerved round the corner. The singer dropped his instrument and sprang at the horse's bridle. A moment's struggle, and he fell by the curb-stone dazed and shaken, but the runaway was checked and the footman was down at his head, while the coachman, with tightened rein, swore softly under his

The singer struggled to his feet. The brougham window was lowered, and a clearcut feminine face leaned forward.

"Thank you very much," said a cool, level voice, in a tone suitable to the recovery of some fallen trifle.

"Williamson"-to the coachman-"give this man half-a-crown, and drive on."

While Williamson fumbled in his pocket for the money, the singer gave one glance at the proud, cold face framed by the carriage window, then turned hurriedly away.

"Hey, David!" called the coachman to the groom. "Give her her head and jump up. She'll be all right now. Whoa-whoa, old girl. That chap's gone—half-crowns ain't seemingly in his line. Steady, old girl!" And the carriage disappeared into the night.

The singer picked up his guitar and leant on the railings. He was shaken and faint. Something seemed amiss with his left hand. He laid his forehead against the cool iron and drew a deep breath, muttering-

"It was she! When I heard her cold, cruel voice I thanked God I am as I am. Thank God for my child and a sacred memory——"

"Are you hurt?" asked a friendly voice. The singer looked up to see a man standing hatless above him on the steps of the house. He strove to reply, but his tongue refused to act; he swayed while rolling waves of blackness encompassed him. He staggered blindly forward, then sank into darkness—and for him time was

When consciousness returned his eyes opened upon a glint of firelight, a shaded lamp on a table by which sat a man with bent head writing. It was a fine head, large and massive, the hair full and crisp. A rugged hand grasped the pen with decision, and there was no hesitation in its rapid movement.

The singer lay for a moment watching the bent head, when it suddenly turned, and a pair of remarkably keen grey eyes

met his own.

"Ah, you are better! That's right!" Rising, the writer went to a cupboard against the wall, whence he brought a decanter and glass.

"I am a doctor," he said kindly. "Luckily I was handy, or you might have had a bad

The singer tried to rise.

"Don't move for a few moments," continued the doctor, holding a glass to his lips. "Drink this, and you will soon be all right again."

The singer drank, and after a pause glanced inquiringly at his left hand, which

lay bound up at his side.

"Only a sprain," said the doctor, answering his glance. "I saw how it happened. Scant thanks, eh?"

The singer sat up and his eyes flashed. "I wanted no thanks from her," he muttered bitterly.

"How is that?" questioned the doctor.

"You knew the lady?"

"Yes, I knew her. The evil she has brought me can never be blotted out by rivers of thanks!"

The doctor's look questioned his sanity. "I fail to understand," he remarked

simply.

"My name is Waldron, Philip Waldron," went on the singer. "You have a right to my name."

"Not connected with Waldron the great financier?" again questioned the doctor.

"His son. There is no reason to hide the truth from you. You have been very kind-more than kind. I thank you."

"But I understood Waldron had only one son, and he died some years agoattended him."

"Waldron had two sons, Lucien and Philip. I am Philip."

" But-

"I can well understand your surprise. My father gave me scant thought—his soul was bound up in my elder brother."

"But why this masquerade?"

"It is no masquerade," returned the singer sadly. "I sing to eke out my small salary as clerk in a city firm. My abilities in that way do not command a high figure," he added, with a bitter laugh.

"Then your father-

"Sent me adrift because I refused to marry that woman whose carriage I stopped to-night."

The doctor made an expression of

"Yes, it seems strange I should come across her in that fashion, doesn't it? sight of her has touched old sores."

Philip Waldron's eyes gleamed as he fixed them on the doctor's face.

"I will tell you something of my storyif you wish it.'

"Say on."

"As a young man at home I was greatly under my father's influence. Perhaps because of his indifference I was the more anxious to please him. At all events, urged by him, but with secret reluctance, I proposed and was accepted by that lady whose carriage I stopped to-night. She was rich,

beautiful, but I did not love her. I know my conduct was weak, it was ignoble—but I did her no wrong. For me she had not one spark of affection. My prospective

wealth was the bait."

Waldron paused, and drew his hand across his eyes. "Then—then I met the girl who in the end became my wife. That she was poor was an insurmountable barrier in my father's eyes. I sought freedom from my hateful engagement in vain. I need not trouble you with all the story. Suffice it that I left home and married the woman I loved. My father's anger was overwhelm-We were never forgiven. When my brother died I hoped for some sign from my father, but he made none. And now my wife also is dead."

"And you are alone in the world?" asked the doctor, who had followed his

story with interest.

Philip Waldron's face lit up with a rarely winning smile.

"No," he said, "I have a little girl." Then the smile faded, as he added, "She is a cripple."

"And have you never appealed to your

father?"

"While my wife lived-many times. For her sake I threw pride aside, but my letters were always returned unopened."

The doctor sat silent for some time. Then steadfastly regarding the young man,

"My name is Norman. I have known and attended your father now for a good many years. I was at your brother's deathbed. I never heard him mention a second

Philip sighed. "No, I suppose not. I

am as dead to him now.' "You are indifferent?"

"Pardon me; not indifferent, only hope-Had there been any chance for me, it came when my brother died."

"For the sake of your child will you not appeal once more?"

Philip's face softened. "For my child I would do much. Thank God," glancing at his left hand, "my right is uninjured. My city work is safe. Singing is not my profession, you know," he added, with a dreary smile. "I only sing to buy luxuries for my lame little one."

Rising, he held out his hand.

"You have been a true Samaritan, Dr. Norman. I sincerely thank you."

The doctor took the outstretched hand.



"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME ABOUT THE GAS BILL," SHE SAID AT LENGTH, WITH AN OLD-WOMANISH AIR, "BUT IT'S NO USE"

"May I help you further?" he asked.

"I don't see well how you can, but I will take the will for the deed."

"But you do not forbid me to try?"

Philip shook his head despondingly. "You may try, certainly. Matters cannot be worse than they are; only you will waste valuable time."

"Let me be judge of that. May I come

to see you?"

Philip hesitated; then, when urged, gave his address, but in a manner indicating that

he never expected it to be used.

Dr. Norman, however, was a man of his word. A few days after that chance meeting found him toiling up the steep stairs of block C in Dalmatian Buildings, Marylebone, having ascertained below that the Waldrons' rooms were on the top floor.

"There had need be good air when one gets to the surface here," groaned the doctor, when he reached the top, and paused to recover breath before knocking.

Sounds came from within—a light, childish laugh, a patter of talk. In response to his knock, a step accompanied by the tap-tap of a crutch came across the wooden floor. After some hesitation the door was opened by a pale, brown-eyed child of about seven. A holland pinafore reached to her feet, the right side hitched up by the crutch under that arm, on which she leant heavily. Dark, wavy hair fell over her shoulders, framing a pale, oval face, out of which shone a pair of bright, wide-open eyes.

She remained in the doorway looking up

at the doctor.

"I suppose you've come about the gas bill," she said at length, with an old-womanish air, "but it's no use. Father is out, and I have only sixpence. It's my own, but you can have it if you promise to take care of it."

"I'm a doctor, and a friend of your father's," replied Norman, with a reassuring

smile.

The child at once moved aside.

"Please come in. I've just been playing with my dolls for visitors, but it will be much nicer to have a real live one."

The room the doctor entered was small, but cheerful; the floor uncarpeted, but clean, and the window framed a patch of sky over the chimney-pots below. A table stood near the window, by it two chairs on which lay two dolls.

"Come to the window," requested the

child, tap-tapping over the floor. "Lucretia and Flora, rise at once to greet a stranger," she cried reproachfully to the dolls, lifting them as she spoke.

She stood waiting until Dr. Norman was seated, then drew a chair facing him and sat down. Her keen, intelligent glance searched him over, then dwelt upon his

"Are you a good doctor?" she asked.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because father says doctors are good, and I wondered if you were. You must not mind my dollies being rather rude. It is difficult to teach them manners so high up."

" How so ?"

"Well, you see, they have no society but my own, because they have to be in bed before father comes home."

"And do you never go out?"

"Sometimes on Sundays father carries me down-stairs, and when we can afford it he hires a cab to take me to the Park. But, you see, we can't always afford it," with a wise shake of the head.

"Poor child!"

"Why do you say 'poor child' in that voice? I'm not a poor child. I got broken —yes—and was badly mended, dad says, but I'm not a 'poor child.' Poor childs have no dads, no dolls, and no funny insides like me."

The doctor smiled. "What sort of inside

is that?"

"Well, you see, I have no outside little friends, and so my friends live inside me. I make new ones now and then, when the old ones get dull, but I like the old ones best myself."

At that moment a step sounded on the stairs; the child's face lit up with a look

which made her beautiful.

"That's father!" she exclaimed, and starting up, hastened as fast as her crutch would permit to the door.

Waldron stooped to kiss tenderly the sweet, welcoming face held up to his, then

he grasped Dr. Norman's hand.

"So, doctor, you are true," he said with feeling. "You do not promise and forget." "I am the slower to promise," returned Dr. Norman. "I have just been making

acquaintance with your little maid."
"My little Sophy!"

"Yes, father?"

Waldron passed a caressing hand over the child's head.

The Grumpy Man

"We two want to talk, dear, so you must

go into your own little room.'

"Yes, father; but I will bid good-bye to this doctor first," she said, with a quaint air, offering Dr. Norman a thin little hand.

As the door closed upon her Waldron remarked rather bitterly, "You see I told

the truth."

"My dear fellow," cried the doctor, "I did not doubt you for a moment! I came this afternoon to tell you I have seen your father—he sent for me. He is not well. He seems troubled more than his illness warrants. Can it be that under that callous manner he hides regret for the past?"

Philip sighed.

"You must be ever present to his memory," went on the doctor. "It might be possible to touch his feelings."

" How ?"

"Through your child—nay, hear me out. No harm shall come to her; I would not propose it did I believe such a thing possible."

"But it might mean separation. No, doctor, let us struggle along—she at least

s happy."

"For the present, yes, but for how long? She will not always remain a child. Have you had a good medical opinion in regard to her lameness?"

"The best I could afford at the time."

" And-?"

"It was unfavourable to trying any remedy; but that was not long after her mother's death."

"May I examine her?"

Waldron's glad eagerness was eloquent

of thanks.

When Dr. Norman left those upper rooms there was a light long absent on Philip's face as he drew his lame child within his arms.

In a few days the doctor called again at Dalmatian Buildings, and carried Sophy off in his carriage, the child all excitement at

the change and novelty.

After a short drive Dr. Norman said, "Now, Sophy, I have a rather serious case on hand, and I am going to leave you for a little at a friend's, and call for you again later. You won't mind?"

"I think not. I shall be better able to

tell you after I have been."

The doctor laughed.

"You see," went on Sophy, with a wise nod of her little head, "you can't tell how 62

you will like things until you try themnow, can you?"

"No, certainly not. So you can tell me how you get on as I drive you home."

"Is this your serious case or mine?" asked Sophy anxiously, as the carriage drew up at a large house in a West-End square.

"This is where I hope to leave you," returned the doctor, smiling. "But you must wait until I find if it be convenient

for me to do so."

Dr. Norman was shown into the library, where by the fire in an arm-chair sat an old man, one foot supported on a stool before him. His face was drawn and pinched, and his temper none of the sweetest, to judge by the curt response he made to the doctor's greeting.

"You are late this morning," was his

sole remark.

"I may be slightly—but you are fast becoming independent of my care."

An unamiable grunt was the old man's

reply

When a few medical questions had been put and answered, Dr. Norman placed himself on the hearthrug, looking down at his patient as he drew on his gloves.

"You are much better," he said cheerfully.
"Oh, you think so, do you—well, I don't!"
"Yes, I think so. I should like to prescribe you change of scene, Mr. Waldron."

"Want to be rid of me, I suppose. Well,

I'm not going!'

"Change of thought might do equally well."

"I'm likely to get it, chained here by the

leg, ain't I?"

"Well, change of thought comes by association, and is quite available; in fact, at the present moment I have in my carriage a small person who has given me much change of thought this morning."

"I can't see what good your change of thought will do me!" growled Mr. Waldron.

Dr. Norman regarded him speculatively. "I wonder if you would do me a favour. I have rather a serious case on the other side of the square, will take me about half-an-hour; might I leave my small friend here for that time?"

"What! in this room?"

"Why not?"

"Nonsense! You don't mean to bring a child in here!"

"Again I say, why not? She will amuse and interest you."



"I SEE YOU ARE BROKEN TOO," SHE SAID IN A SYMPATHETIC VOICE

The Grumpy Man

"Well, of all the-

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Waldron. You know how bad that is for you."

"You are giving me some change of thought with a vengeance, doctor! Why should you bring a nasty brat to disturb me?"

"I only offered you some amusement---"

"Amusement be hanged! You know I hate children."

"I know you say so." Mr. Waldron growled.

"She is not so very small," went on the doctor,-"about seven or eight, I think."

"Humph! Young enough to be a nuisance! A girl, eh?"

"Girls are not so bad as boys,"-ad-

mitted grudgingly.

"No, so some people think-good-morning." Dr. Norman went towards the door.

"A girl you say?" growled old Mr. Waldron again.

"Yes; good-morning."

"I say, don't be in such a confounded

"I really cannot stay longer at present;

Dr. Norman opened the door and stood Old Mr. Waldron fidgeted in within it. his chair, muttering-

"Horrid child! Hate children! Perfect

The doctor partly closed the door.

"I say, have you gone?" cried the old man, glancing round. "Dr. Norman," he called suddenly, "you can bring that brat in if it will be any pleasure to you, and if you find me dead in half-an-hour my death will lie at your door!"

The doctor at once accepted this grudging concession, and hastening to the carriage brought Sophy back in his arms.

"What the --- " called out old Mr. Waldron when he saw the child. "Is she

"Oh, no, only lame," replied the doctor. as he placed his burden in a chair opposite to the old man.

"Now, Sophy," he admonished, "you will be a pleasant companion to this gentleman until my return.'

Sophy eyed her neighbour doubtfully. "I'll try to," she replied, and so the

doctor left them.

For some time this strangely assorted pair eyed each other in silence. At length Sophy's gaze rested on the old man's foot 64

where it lay in its large slipper on the stool

"I see you are broken too," she said in a sympathetic voice. "It isn't really pleasant to be broken, is it, although we try to pretend we don't care, don't we?"

"No, it isn't exactly pleasant," replied Mr. Waldron, and a half-smile flickered over his face. "How did you get broken?"

"Somebody let me fall, father says, and afterwards I was only half mended. It is horrid to be only a half-mended thing-but some people are so stupid, you know.

Mr. Waldron grunted.

"Does it hurt you to speak that you make that funny noise?" asked Sophy curiously.

"I'm an old man, and I do as I like." "Oh! When I'm an old woman may I do as I like?"

"I suppose so," grudgingly.
"Then I shall be an awfully nice old woman; I shouldn't like to be cross and ugly. I don't like ugly people, and there are so many going about loose. I am always so glad I like my father's face."

"Why?"

"Because I have to see it every, every day. Have you anybody whose face you like?"

"No; I haven't."

"What a pity! I wonder if you like mine-or perhaps you would like father's. It does seem a shame you shouldn't have

"I do very well without."

"Oh no, I'm sure you don't," replied Sophy with deep concern. "You may do somehow, but you can't do well."

"What's your father like?" asked Mr. Waldron, amused in spite of himself.

"My father's like a song," returned Sophy, as though she had given the subject much reflection.

"A song! How's that?"

"Sometimes he is gay-full of jokes and laughter, sometimes he is sad, and I cry softly to myself in bed; but he is always beautiful, you know—like a song."

"And your mother?"

"I haven't got a mother," replied Sophy sadly. "That's where I'm only half like other little girls. My mother was frightened, and so was the little brother who was coming to play with me. They were both frightened, and so they ran away back again to God. I wish they had stayed—it is lonely sometimes.'

"But you have your father."

"Yes, only father is away all day, and I sit such a lot at our window."

"But you have no pain, have you?" Mr. Waldron questioned with interest.

"No," answered Sophy, sighing faintly. "Only a pain in my little mind.

"Ah! my pain is in my toe, and I expect hurts a deal more than yours. What's your father about that he leaves you alone and doesn't have you seen to, eh?"

Sophy's face blazed. "How dare you speak in that voice of my father!" she cried. "He is the kindest and best, and works for me until he is quite thin and pale. Do you work for anybody? I don't think you do," she added scornfully, "you look too fat!"

"You haven't much respect for grey

hairs, young lady."

"Grey hairs, why?" asked Sophy, still

Mr. Waldron took refuge in platitudes. "I have always been taught that the young should respect age, of which grey

hair is an emblem.'

"How funny!" said Sophy, leaning forward to look more closely at her companion. "To think of so much meaning in those tufts behind your ears! I always thought what was inside mattered—not the outside. How much silly people must long to have grey hairs that they may be respected. I must ask father if that is true."

"I suppose you respect your father?"

said Mr. Waldron severely.

"I only love "Oh, no," replied Sophy. him. I think the feeling I have for the gas man must be respect. Yes, I think it must be, there is something so disagreeable about it.'

" Why?"

"Well, you see, he so often comes when father is out and asks for money, just as if money grew on our floor, then he looks at me and goes away grumbling. I think it must be respect I feel when I see his back going down-stairs."

Mr. Waldron laughed. "You are a queer

little girl!" he said.

"Yes, I suppose I am," answered Sophy resignedly. "Only I hope I'm not un-

pleasant.

When Dr. Norman returned he found the child and his patient on the best of terms. After placing Sophy in the carriage, he came back at Mr. Waldron's request for a few words.

"That's a funny child," began the old

man, glancing up at the doctor. "She actually made me laugh! What are you going to do with her?

"Take her home."

"Humph! I suppose I couldn't —

" What?"

"Buy her?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Waldron! We are

in the twentieth century!'

"Pity, isn't it! But there are many ways of buying without paying cash. See what you can do. She amuses me. I'll come down handsomely for her."

"Well, you must let me think it over," replied the doctor in his most serious manner, but he smiled as he shut the

library door.

An evening shortly afterwards Dr. Norman again called on old Mr. Waldron. He found his patient much better, and seated at his writing-table, from which he glanced up quite briskly to inquire-

"Well, have you brought our queer little

friend again?"

" Not this time, but I have come to know if you will help me."

"Got some interesting boy up your sleeve this time, have you?"

"No, only the same girl. I want to cure her lameness."

"Is that possible?"

"I believe quite possible, but it will mean an operation and probably a slow recovery.'

"You don't want me to operate, I suppose?"

The doctor smiled. "Only as friend and helper. I will do the deed myself."

Old Mr. Waldron growled. "Flaunting your good deeds to draw this badger, eh? Well, where do I come in?"

"Let me bring the child here. Let her be cared for under your roof. Her father is poor-he cannot afford nurses and the paraphernalia of a sick-room."

" So I am to turn my house into a hospital for the sick brat of nobody knows whoa likely tale! Why, I haven't even heard the father's name!

"He is my friend, let that suffice."

"It doesn't suffice!" roared the old man, working himself into a rage. "I call it pretty cool that you should come here and foist your charity brats on me!"

Dr. Norman took up his hat.

"You requested me to see if the father would allow you to adopt the child-

"Adopt; did I say adopt?"



"FOR HER SAKE, PHILIP!"

"No; you used a stronger term—'buy,' I think it was."

Old Mr. Waldron grunted.. "I said nothing about nurses and carving up legs."

"No, these are only incidents by the way. Well, good-evening." Dr. Norman opened the door.

"Why are you in such haste?" demanded Mr. Waldron.

"I have people waiting for me," returned

the doctor curtly. "I am only wasting time here. Good-night."

He went outside, but ere his hand left the door a call from within reached him.

"Come back, you old touch-flint!" cried Mr. Waldron. "You are trying to force my hand—I know you! Well, I'll yield. Let that uncommonly queer child come here; only remember I am to have no trouble, no annoyance. Make your own arrangements—but don't bother me!"

So it came to pass that little Sophy Waldron was received into her grandfather's house all unknowing that it was her grandfather's.

He saw her for a few moments on the

day of her arrival.

"I hear you are going to be made strong and well," was the old man's greeting.

"Yes," returned Sophy, with a wise look. "They are going to tryand mend mestraight. I hope they won't make a mistake this time. Mistakes are so-vexatious."

"When you are well would you like to live with me? I want a little girl about

"What for? You have lots and lots of

people to do things for you."

Mr. Waldron sighed. "I would like somebody to do things without being paid for their work."

"Oh, I understand," replied Sophy. "Well, I'll see how my leg turns out, and if father thinks you a nice old man-of course it will all depend on father."

"Confound it! I forgot the father!"

"You mustn't say naughty words, Mr. Sir," remonstrated Sophy, shaking a forefinger at him. "And you mustn't speak horrid of my father, 'cause I love him.'

Old Mr. Waldron regarded her wistfully. "Do you think you could love me, Sophy?"

The child eyed him critically.

"I like you in bits," she replied. "But perhaps the good bits may spread, then I should like you very much."

Just then the doctor came to take her to the room prepared, where a pleasant-faced

nurse was in waiting.

Some hours afterwards, when Dr. Norman's task was done, and poor little Sophy lay white but peaceful on her bed, she looked up at the nurse, saying with a whimsical

"I should like to see the grumpy man."

"And so you shall, my dear," was the nurse's hasty assurance. "Whoever can that be?" she muttered under her breath.

"Why, the grumpy man down-stairs," reiterated Sophy.

"Would it be right?" questioned her father, who knelt by the bed holding a small hand clasped firmly in his own.

"I'll see what the doctor says," replied the nurse, retiring into the adjoining room.

She speedily returned to say that Dr. Norman would go down himself to bring up old Mr. Waldron.

Sophy turned a pale face contentedly

to her father.

"Dear dadums," she whispered, "now you will see my friend. He is not such a bad old man, though he does grunt some-

For answer Philip Waldron bowed his head upon the hand he held, and waited.

Soon steps and voices were heard outside. "Is this the room? A terrible way up! Why didn't you put her a floor lower? Quieter ?-oh, well, have your own way."

The doctor and Mr. Waldron entered. In the half-light of the room the little figure on the bed was dimly visible. Both men paused while the doctor laid a professional hand on the child's pulse.

"She is all right," he remarked re-

assuringly.

"So you wanted to see me," began Mr. Waldron, looking down at the small head where it lay on the pillow. "How pale she is!" he ejaculated to himself. "I hope they have treated her properly!"

"Quite properly, thank you," replied Sophy, answering his half-whisper. "I

wanted you to see my daddy."

Mr. Waldron noticed for the first time the bowed head on the other side of the bed.

"Yes," continued Sophy, following his glance. "This is my daddy, and he wants to help me say 'thank you.' For Dr. Norman has told me how kind you are if you are sometimes grumpy.

Philip Waldron slowly raised his head and stood up, facing his father across the

" Philip!" "Yes, sir."

"Is it possible?"

"I did not intend you should find me here," said Philip, his voice hoarse with emotion, "but it was her wish to see you; and I-I can go away."

He moved as if to leave the room.

"Stay!" came a peremptory command. "I-I have forgiven you long ago, my son; only pride and self-will stood in the way. For her sake, Philip!"

And the old man stretched a trembling hand across the child.



The Stores of the London School Board

BY F. M. HOLMES

TIDDEN away in the heart of Clerkenwell, you will find two large and imposing buildings quite character-

istic of the present day.

The one you will no doubt recognise immediately as a palatial Board School; but the other resembles a huge warehouse. Yet there is an intimate connection between the two, for while the one is the celebrated Hugh Myddelton School, standing on the site of the old Clerkenwell House of Detention, the other is the Stores Department of the Board, and forms a very

important part of its work.

Here are stocked the vast numbers of books and educational materials used in the numerous Board Schools all over the metropolis. And as there are, in round figures, some 450,000 children in these schools, and as a great variety of subjects are taught, it is obvious that immense quantities of books and educational apparatus are constantly required. Does a teacher at Greenwich need beads, or an instructor at Marylebone scientific instruments, the Stores Department, when duly authorised, has to supply them. Does the School Management Committee decide upon a new atlas, a new reading-book, or a new picture, such as that of King Alfred at the time of the Millenary, or of King Edward at the time of the Coronation, the Stores Department, again, has, at the teachers' request, to distribute them. Everything educational used in the schools passes through this building, and is duly debited in the Store accounts to the individual school receiving them.

A stroll through the large building shows the extraordinary multiplicity of goods which the Department has to supply. They number indeed many thousands of different books and articles for education. In one of the rooms on the ground-floor you will find a consignment of rolling-pins being examined, and compared with sample before being passed into stock. In the basement you would stumble upon a quantity of pastry-boards, and visions would arise of numerous little pinafored maidens making pies and puddings-and perhaps popping their fingers into jam-pots on the sly-in the Cookery Centres of the schools.

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Not far distant we find large brooms, bristling with eagerness to be at work. They are intended for the children who learn Housewifery, which, like Cookery and Laundry-work, is a section of the general subject known as Domestic Economy

And if you should say to yourself, What a failure of domesticity at home, that children should have to be taught at the public expense to sweep rooms, we may remind you that many of these poor children have probably no home worthy the name in which they could learn even so simple There is indeed a deep note of pathos suggested by these bristling brooms when one thinks of some little hands which will wield their bushy heads, and of the neglected little lives which their

presence here indicates.

From brooms we pass on to Drapery. Here in another department we find ourselves among calicoes and shirting, flannels and all manner of requisites for teaching varieties of needlework and knitting. There was evidently something valuable in the old Dame Schools, after all, where Susie and Suky were taught to stitch, for here is the great London School Board giving up a whole department to the same sort of thing. There ought not surely to be a girl in all big London town who cannot use her needle thriftily after this. The needlework materials and implements cost some £9500 of the nearly £90,000 a year paid for the Stores of the Board.

The quantities of some of the articles are of course enormous. For instance, about 42,000 gross of steel pens are bought at fourpence a gross; about 10,000 gross of lead-pencils which cost one-and-ninepence a gross; nearly 30,000 gross of exercisebooks at prices varying from four-and-sixpence to nineteen-and-ninepence per gross, with thousands of reams of paper and

grosses of drawing-books.

In another department we find ourselves among chemical and other scientific apparatus, and then further on, among kindergarten materials, mayhap, passing by the way the nook where the punishment canes

are kept. The kindergarten materials include beads and coloured crayons for drawing, brushes for elementary painting, and also cane and lath weaving. Here also we find necessaries for clay-modelling, with pinafores for preserving the dresses when their little owners are busy at the clay-work.

Rubber balls for musical drill, boxes of wooden animals, a few simple gardening implements, together with dumb-bells and bar-bells and other apparatus for physical exercises, all give testimony to the variety

of the Board's instruction.

But the Board is also mindful of the famous saying concerning all work and no play, and provides the children with prizes as at other schools; so at the Stores you will find pleasing contrasts to grammars and arithmetics in the shape of medals and certificates, story-books, and other volumes for school libraries and rewards at the end of term.

In shape the huge building to house all these stores may be described as approximating roughly to two sides of a big triangle, one side however being straight and the other somewhat curving to suit the shape of the site. At either end are constructed arched entrances leading to an open courtyard having apparatus for weighing goods by the van-load. The educational stores are concentrated in the northern wing, while the southern block contains the school furniture, and also workshops for the repair of damaged desks and the renovation of black-boards.

Down in the basement of this block are placed the boilers for heating the entire building by steam, for, wisely enough, open fire-grates are very few in number; and the illumination of the premises is by electricity.

The Stores Department is under the control of the Stores and Supply Sub-Committee, the Chairman of which is the Rev. William Hamilton of Battersea, this body being a sub-committee of the Finance Committee.

But every suggestion for the introduction of a new book or piece of educational apparatus—whether made by authors or publishers, by teachers or members of the Board itself—is considered by the Books and Apparatus Sub-Committee, of which the Rev. Edward Schnadhorst was for some years the Chairman. It is a sub-committee of the School Management Committee, which consists of twenty-seven members. Should a favourable conclusion be reached.

the proposal comes before the full Committee for final decision, and is then reported to the Board.

The new book or piece of apparatus being accepted, communications have to be opened up by the Stores Department with the publisher or manufacturers, and a contract

made for the supply.

In all necessary cases a sealed sample is kept in the examining-room at the Stores, and by this sample the goods are tested. At times a number are thrown out as not being up to sample. Such as are passed are conveyed by lifts to their storing-place, either to the floors above or to the basement below, where many of the heavier goods are kept, such as exercise-books, reams of foolscap, drawing and blotting-paper, and the numerous large jars of ink.

The upper floors are built with very large and wide galleries—so wide indeed as to be almost equal to another floor—and they, in their turn, are fitted with hundreds of compartments running at right angles to the walls. While therefore thousands of books or materials can be stored in them, yet an individual volume or piece of apparatus could be found immediately by the

attendant in charge.

The spacious basement and the groundfloor are built in the ordinary way with complete ceilings, but the large rooms above are all treated as described, with these deep and capacious galleries. Round the front of the galleries are placed narrow cases in which the maps are kept upright and rolled.

The goods having been accepted and stocked, the invoices are stamped in a somewhat elaborate manner, with the date and particulars of receipt, and are then despatched to the Board's offices on the

Embankment for payment.

In a similar manner the distribution of the goods proceeds by definitely-prescribed routine. The schools are so numerous and their wants so varied, that if they all spoke at once the Stores would be deafened with the clamour, and completely overwhelmed with the endeavour to supply Greenwich and Chelsea, Marylebone, Bow, or Hampstead all at the same time.

The plan adopted is a system of Requisitioning modified by arrangements causing the school year to end at different dates for different schools. Thus while the educational year closes simultaneously for all schools, as every Londoner knows, about the end of July, yet the "school year" for

The Stores of the London School Board

the individual schools ends at different months throughout the twelve. Thus, one will end in January, another in February, and so on throughout the year.

In the eleventh month of his, or her, school year, it is the duty of the headteacher therefore to write out a list of all the goods required during the next twelve months, and to send it in duplicate to the Requisitions Department of the School

Management Committee.

The permanent clerks of that department examine the list, compare the requirements made with the statistics of the school, such as the number of children in attendance, and if the Requisition seem reasonable, it goes before the Requisitions Sub-Committee. This body gives the authority to Mr. G. Frater, the genial and capable Superintendent of the Stores, who has been for over twenty-five years in the service of the Board, to send the goods.

A number of these Requisitions arrive at Clerkenwell practically every morning. As they have been written in the eleventh month of the school year, sufficient time is given for their examination and execution before the actual commencement of the

next school year.

So numerous and so varied are the articles required by the different schools, that a number of different Requisition forms are printed. Yet teachers are not permitted to draw unlimited supplies. They are restricted in number and value according to the average attendance and subject; thus for books in the Scholars' Lending Library the amount is to be reckoned at the rate of a halfpenny per head per annum on the average attendance. Everything is priced just as though the individual school had to pay the Stores for the goods, so that the expenditure is known. While the Requisi-tions are sent in as a rule for the whole of the prospective school year, yet for

certain materials, such as stationery, a Supplementary Requisition is authorised at the half-year. It is also the head-teacher's duty to send a complete inventory of all books and material in stock at the close of the school year, when a Requisition is forwarded for a new supply.

The Stores Department not only sends out new goods, but collects the returns. Practically everything used in school or for home-work is lent to the children, and when worn out these things come back to their old dwelling. And here you may see them reposing beside their new and shining brethren, the poor old dog's-eared and tattered volumes that have witnessed the struggles of the children along the thorny ways of learning. Some not quite so bad as others are repaired for another period of service, but those hopelessly torn and frayed are sold as waste-paper, and the sum received totals about £700 per annum.

Exception is made by the Board in the case of some of the exercise-books, which when well written are presented to the children as a kind of reward, while the food cooked, and many of the garments made, are sold at about cost price. Some of the garments, however, are sent to the Stores, to be forwarded to the Industrial Schools of the

It is a gigantic work, this Stores Department of the London School Board.

Morning by morning the Requisition lists arrive, and morning by morning the vans go forth with their educational loads. New supplies are continually arriving, and old and wayworn stock is steadily returning. Like a huge and refreshing fountain the Stores ceaselessly pour forth their streams of instruction and recreation; quietly but none the less effectually they fulfil their part in the noble work of seeking to educate and elevate, to brighten and to cheer many thousands of London's little learners.





FOOD FOR MIND AND BODY

Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Gordon Browne, R.I.

Mishaps with my Cycle

BY C. EDWARDES

THE man who gets into the habit of taking his cycle abroad with him, and riding it in countries where the people and the local beasts of burden are not thoroughly, or anything like thoroughly, accustomed to the bright two-wheeled thing, cannot well help meeting with little adventures that are

not altogether pleasant.

I confess it, with a certain amount of grief: I have been the innocent cause of several capsizes. Sedate tinkers (or who may pass for such) and country ladies in Spain have slid from the backs of their donkeys over and over again in consequence of my cycle bell. In that sunny land it is the bell that frightens. Happily, so far as I know, they have never hurt themselves, only their feelings—these excellent Castilians and Galicians. You see, they are such a proud, stolid people that they prefer to do anything (that is, nothing) rather than exert themselves. The ring of a bell behind them does not disturb them. They see no reason why it should disturb their quadrupeds either. And so they take no precautions, pay no attention to the twitching of the ears of their much-enduring yet sensitive bearers, and only when the beasts can stand the strain no longer do they realise their shortcomings. Then, however, they are on the ground, and as like as not the horse, mule, or ass is racing ahead with outstretched tail, determined, at all events, not to be overtaken by the apparition indicated by that horrible bell.

A worse accident has also befallen me in this same peninsula. That is to say, it happened to others and hurt me only

through them.

This time it was one of those high canvascovered wagons used by the country folk
round Burgos. Five mules were harnessed
to it. Five people (men, women and a
child) were inside it, with articles of furniture, bags of flour, wine and other things.
In fact, a regular carrier's cart. Two
stalwart Castilians, with whips, walked
alongside it, more or less near to the heads
of the mules. In this instance, no sooner did
I sight the obstruction in front than I rang it
up; for the road was excellent, I was going
down-hill, and the usual brisk May north

wind was hard at my back. Here too the bell had the undesired effect. The leading mule swerved at the first tinkle: the continuance of the music was much too much for its nerves and the nerves of its comrades. The men were not quick enough to check them, so that in a second or two they were in full reckless gallop. Then ensued shouts and entreaties, to which the mules paid no heed whatever. Quite the contrary. They acted as if they believed the bell itself was roaring at them, eager to eat them. For about a hundred yards they kept the road, then that maddened leader lurched towards a mile-stone, the result being that the offwheel of the cart came full tilt at it, and over went the whole concern into a red field with some unhappy barley trying to grow among its poppies.

I spent an uncomfortable hour with this wreck and its owners. At first, I expected an assault at least from the men. But they were reasonable as well as furious fellows, and were at length conciliated by my expressions of sympathy and regret, and I suppose also by my endeavours with them to get things ship-shape again. Meanwhile the women and child sobbed bitterly. No wonder. I was pretty thankful that they had nothing worse to share between them than some cuts and headaches. We did not get the cart upright until it had been emptied and until another couple of mules from another cart had joined us. Then I seized the opportunity to move on, having offered the invalids some money, which they accepted, and having received full exoneration from blame in the honest

handshakes of the men.

Needless to add, after this I was more careful about my bell on the road. I found a commonplace shout of warning much more to the humour of both mules and men.

But the worst of all these cycle accidents (for others) was one which, to my great sorrow and annoyance, I most unwittingly caused in the Gorge of the Jonte in June 1899. The memory of it pains me (almost indeed makes my flesh creep, as the saying goes) even while I write.

The Jonte is a mere thread of a stream in the Cevennes district of France. It is green

and clear and well furnished with trout, and it runs its brief course to the Tarn, a river of world-wide fame for the magnificence of its gorge scenery. The Jonte's own banks are nearly as sensational as those of the Tarn, but unlike the Tarn it has a good road in its valley, a road which is in places two or three hundred feet above the river and elsewhere level with it. The cliffs of the Gorge are never less than a thousand feet high on both sides, the greater part perpendicular, and with most extraordinary summit fringes, so that you might fancy there were castles and gigantic statues of men and beasts, rudely chiselled, set above their edges for miles. It is most startling scenery, and under a clear blue sky beautiful in the extreme.

Well, I was riding up this valley from Peyreleau, where the Jonte joins the Tarn, to Meyrueis, winding with the river and always pent in by these towering walls. Now and then I dismounted for a handful of cherries from the trees by the roadside; now and then to push when I found the collar work oppressive under the hot June sun. It was a very lonely, narrow road. I met about three peasants in seven miles, and passed but one village. Under these circumstances, perhaps there was some excuse for me if I did not ring my bell at every turning. Nevertheless, admonished by previous experiences in other lands, I was always ready for emergencies; and I had quite made up my mind to dismount rather than face any of these Cevennes I had marked their mules in motion. dislike for the machine, and the road was not one to play tricks with.

Suddenly, from a bend into the road in front, appeared the muzzle of a mule, followed by a shallow cart on which were two women and four men. The cart was on the wrong side of the road—another peculiarity of the district. Just at that point, too, there was a bad drop sheer down on the cart's left, to a slip of meadow by the Jonte.

The mule stopped dead. I jumped off and drew the cycle to the side. "Holà!" shouted one of the men, whipping the animal. But instead of responding to the invitation the mule jibbed and backed smartly. In a twinkling one of the cart's wheels was off the road and over the edge. The women, screaming, slid with the cart, helping it over, and before any one of the six could tumble off on to the road, cart,

cargo and mule bowled over sideways. The mule's legs, kicking in the air, were the last items of this disappearance, which left me almost sick with horror. I could hear the wreckage going lower and lower, and the screams of those two poor women—and that was all.

But I was soon up to the scene of the disaster. Looking over, I now saw and was thankful for a very dense thicket of brambles with big thorns, the whole matted with clematis and ivy. This was the first stage in the capsize of my unfortunate friends and the mule. Below was the greensward, some thirty feet from the road, with a rapid little streamlet traversing it distinct from the Tarn. And here, in and about the streamlet, were all the six peasants and the mule, the latter lying dismally on its side, and the men and women pulling themselves together with cries and groans that dismayed me. I was, nevertheless, glad to see that no necks were broken.

It was the work of a reckless half-minute to scramble to them through this prickly brake, which left its marks on me also. The women were a sad spectacle, with blood trickling down their faces and very nasty scratches from forehead to chin. Of the four men one was sitting on the grass as if bewildered, clutching a bottle of brandy which had strangely escaped all injury. The litter of broken glass and a strong smell of spirits in and outside a basket which lay by his side told that another bottle or more had come off less well. One of the other men, a white-haired old fellow, was wiping blood from his face and looking doubtfully at his left wrist. The remaining two men (one a humpback) had recovered their senses sufficiently to be angry with me and to proceed to examine the mule. This wise and excellent beast showed that he was pretty well by beginning to munch grass in the strained position in

which the overturned cart held him.

"Good!" suddenly exclaimed the man with the bottle. "I did not let it leave my hand." He held up his trophy as if to make us laugh.

But no one laughed except himself.

"Ah!" said one of the others. "So we are all alive, after all! No thanks to you, monsieur."

This to me. But I was then busy with one of the women, who persisted that her back was broken. Her back was not broken, however, for by and by we got her up to

Mishaps with my Cycle

the road, with my handkerchief wrapped about her face; and then she showed the most lively interest in a certain basket which had rolled right to the river's edge, with the broken legs of the chair on which she had been sitting upon the cart. When the basket was recovered, she began to smile at the scratched face of the other woman.

"Your husband will not know you!" she said. "As for me, it is not my back that hurts now so much as my side."

I was condoling with them both and washing the blood first from one face and then the other, when the old man came up the bank. With him ascended one of the others.

"We desire your name and address for

the police, monsieur!" said the latter.
I begged him to be patient. It was no use pointing out then that the trouble was due mainly to the negligence of the driver of the cart. That good old man supported

"See," he said, exhibiting a badly-swelled wrist: "I do not know what injury I have, but I make no complaint. I am old and it does not matter."

The humpback was the most violent of the six. This too when the mule had been got on its legs and persuaded to drag the damaged cart down stream. Also when both women had begun to thank me for my little attentions, as if I were a doctor instead of something like a criminal. insist, monsieur," said the one whose face I had tied up, "that you accept my handkerchief to replace your own, which is moreover of silk, so that it leaves me in Do me the favour to take your debt. it."

"Your name, monsieur," said the hump-

Then, strange to say, the old man and both women took my side. The man with the salvaged bottle also joined in, with a laugh that was not quite sober.

"Ma foi!" said he. "It was an accident, and I rejoice that I held this so tight

while I rolled over. As for your sirop, madame-

"It is lost—there is no doubt about that," said the woman sadly.

When matters had got to this stage, it seemed to me that I might without brutality leave my poor friends, especially as another cart had come up and had offered the sufferers a lift to their village, six miles distant. I gave them two gold pieces of twenty francs each, and made them promise to get a doctor to their injuries that night. After this there was no longer any desire for my name and address-only kindly urgings from both women that I would come and see them and accept their hospitality. The humpback even smiled as he gave me his hand. "It might have been worse," he said.

"Worse!" thought I, as I looked once more at that crushed tangle of thorn bushes. Why, it seemed little less than a miracle that no bones at least were broken. There was some doubt at first about the old man's wrist. But no broken arm could have stood the tugging which the brave old fellow gave to his limb to make sure that it was nothing more serious than a

bad sprain.

"Adieu, monsieur, and a good journey, and do not fail to visit us in our village."

These were the parting words of one of the women; and yet she had to be supported by two men towards the cart.

I can only hope to this day that those amiable peasants of the Cevennes soon got over their injuries and never felt more bitterly towards me and my machine than when I left them. As may be supposed, the accident put me much out of humour with my cycle. I nearly resolved to have done with it for ever from that time forward, lest I might by and by have the lifeblood of at least one fellow-creature upon my conscience, to say nothing about legal liabilities.

So far, this is the worst misadventure of which I find my cycle guilty—without premeditation.



Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Growth of the Kaiser's Navy

THE German Admiralty publishes some striking information regarding the growth of the Kaiser's navy during the past twenty years. Roughly speaking, the strength of the German navy within this short period has increased threefold.

In 1881 the estimates provided for 11,352 men, in 1886 for 14,682, in 1891 for 17,083, in 1896 for 21,835, and in 1902 for 31,171. The following table shows the increase in the number of officers—

				1881	1891	1901
Officers .	0			458	574	924
Engineers	4			35	62	159
Surgeons				63	98	164
Paymaster				42	72	119

The increase in the number of engineers is especially noteworthy. The men are divided into the following categories—

	1881	1891	1901
Deck officers	284	649	1,280
Under officers	1,459	2,401	5,558
Privates and seamer	8.043	11.922	19.978

It is useful to note that as soon as the naval bill programme of 1900 has been carried through, that is to say, in 1905, the strength of the Kaiser's fleet will be 60,000 men.—M. A. M.

A New Swiss Railway

NEXT June probably the most beautiful railway in the world will be opened to traffic. It will be sixty kilometres long and will run from Thusis to the Engadine. The cutting of the tunnels and the building of the bridges is completed, and now only the finishing touches Tourists who know the old are necessary. Albula road to the Engadine will perhaps regret that the beautiful drive by the road from Tiefencastell is to be replaced by a railway, but it must be said to the credit of the Swiss engineers that they have endeavoured to make this line as picturesque as possible, and to avoid all cuttings which are unsightly, and all bridges and aqueducts which can offend the eye of the lover of nature unadorned. Starting from Thusis the railway crosses the infant Rhine, whence a view of the gloomy Via Mala may be had; then past the green velvet slopes of the Domleschq to

the gorge of the Schyn. There is then an incline of twenty-five to the hundred, and numerous tunnels to the station of Solis, and a bridge over a tremendous gorge where the traveller with a strong head may look down on the roaring Albula, nearly three hundred feet below him. Passing Tiefencastell the line ascends through meadows to Filisur, one of the loveliest spots in Switzerland, and sure to become a great tourist centre, then on through a curious network of complicated tunnels, and along giddy galleries to Bergün and Preda. During the last mile or two the tourist will have wonderful views of the Engadine valley, and have also an opportunity of admiring one of the most wonderful pieces of railway engineering in the world. The Engadine will be reached by the new line from Thusis in two and a half hours, instead of the fourteen hours at present occupied on the road.-M. A. M.

The Exhibition of Decorative Modern Art at Turin

SLOWLY, unostentatiously, but surely, Italy is once more assuming the place that is hers by right in the artistic comity of the nations. Though Exhibitions of Modern Decorative Art have been held before, Italy has been the first to invite the nations to an international display, and it is the most modern city of all Italy, Turin, that has taken this initiative. fundamental idea of the promoters was that in Italy, as well as elsewhere, art has not yet said its last word, that the evolution of beauty is as constant as that of thought. They wished to prove that it is possible to belong to an age, to have a style of our own, and yet not to depart from the real purpose of art, which is the creation of beauty. They laid it down, therefore, as an inexorable law, when organising this Exhibition of Decorative Art, that all reproductions, imitations, copies of previous styles should be rigorously excluded.

The result of this rule was that over sixty per cent. of the works sent in for exhibition were rejected.

The architect of the exhibition building is Raimondo d'Aronoco, a native of Udine, but for some time in the service of the Sultan. It is a gay, showy erection that he has reared, quite suitable to a building whose needs are but those of a passing moment, but if it be claimed that herewith has been found the secret of architective "modern style," it must be unhesitatingly rejected as a failure in every particular. There is a want of harmony, of sobriety in ornamentation, and the eye grows weary of the continual substitution of a curved line for a straight one, of the predominance of colour over design, of a pronounced aversion to symmetry. Nothing new has been invented. It is only the old that has been tortured into novel shapes.

The general impression of the interior is one of restlessness, of excessive colour, of decoration à tout prix, of curves gone mad. And in this respect no one country was distinguished above another. The national note has vanished more or less in every instance, there is a marked tendency for each land to follow on the same lines, lines in many cases quite unsuited to their native idiosyncrasy, most notably in the case of Italy herself, where what is known as Floreal or Liberty art is eminently at variance with her best traditions, her native requirements, and her character. The unusual, the strange, appeared to be aimed after rather than the beautiful and the fitting. In their eager search after the new, these innovators had fallen into absurdities.

A more careful examination fortunately revealed some fine oases in this Babylonian confusion. But that this impression of want of repose is the dominant one was forcibly brought home to me when I suddenly came across a plain Exedra of red Carrara marble. The simple severity of the lines, the adaptation of means to ends, were welcome to eyes tortured with senseless curves and misplaced or an arms.

On the whole, Italy comes out of this ordeal very fairly, splendidly when we remember the work exhibited of the Arte della Ceramica of Florence. But Italy, too, has been infected by what is nicknamed as the "style ténia," those exaggerated tapeworm-like curves introduced into contemporary art by the Belgian architect, Victor Horto.

The English section, for some inscrutable reason, is entirely monopolised by the works of Robert Crane and the Arts and Crafts Society. It is also mainly retrospective, and therefore does not quite meet the conditions laid down by the organisers of the Exhibition. What strikes the Italians about the English exhibit is that, for all the yaunted novelty of the English

artistic renaissance, it is but an adaptation of and modernisation of English Gothic traditions, and wherein it departs from these becomes only a colourless imitation of the best Italian epoch passed through the alembic of a northern temperament.

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Scotland, which claims to be the true originator of the revival of the minor arts, has a section all to itself. The promoters, Mr. and Mrs. Macintosh, have quite properly excluded all mere tradesmen from their show, but unfortunately their fellow-artists did not respond largely to the appeal to exhibit. Scotland is therefore represented almost entirely by the Macintosh couple, and by the works of the Glasgow School of Fine Arts presided over by Mr. Newberry.—H. Z.

The "Red Pope"

THE vacancy in the Prefecture of the Propaganda, rendered official by the death of Cardinal Ledochowski, although it had really been so for several years through the old age and blindness of the Polish Cardinal, has shown how eager the ambitions, jealousies and intrigues of the Sacred College are.

The Prefecture of the Propaganda is the highest and most important office in the Roman Church, having under its jurisdiction about three-fourths of the Roman Catholics. We have witnessed the spectacle of all the twenty-three Cardinals belonging to the congregation of the Propaganda aspiring to the new post, together with the Cardinals who hold diplomatic positions, such as Nuncios, Inter-nuncios, etc., most of the Cardinals of Curia, and many of the others, so that it may be said that there has scarcely been one member of the Sacred College who has not worked to become what is called the "Red Pope,"

However, the stronger candidates were only three. Vincenzo Vannutelli, who thought himself entitled to the post on account of the position which he already had in the congregation of the Propaganda, of which he was the administrator: but against him he had the fact that his brother, Cardinal Serafino, besides standing as candidate to the Papacy, occupies one of the highest positions at the Vatican, that of Penitentiary of the Church, so that in the hands of the two brothers would have been centred almost all the power of Catholicism. Besides, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli is hard of hearing, and it was remarked that it would not do to pass from a blind Prefect to a deaf one.

Cardinal Satolli, another of the three candidates, was accused of being too much of a reformer, capable, they said, of revolutionising the institution which has as its object the propagation of the Faith, according to the ways and methods which have always been dear to Rome, and not according to the American system, which the ex-Apostolic Delegate to Washington learned during his sojourn there.

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The third candidate was Cardinal Rampolla himself, who desired to add this position to those of Secretary of State, Archpriest of the Basilica of St. Peter's, and Great Prior of the Order of Malta, assuming the title of pro-Prefect of Propaganda, with the object of being strong enough at the next Conclave to impose his election as Pope.

The choice of the new Prefect resting entirely on the decision of the Pope, Leo XIII. showed acuteness in preferring just the Cardinal who had not made the least move to secure his nomination, in the person of Girolamo Gotti, who, although a member of the Sacred College, continued to live as a humble and poor monk, and who is spoken of as the successor of the present Pontiff, should the next Conclave think it advisable to give the Roman Catholic Church a head who would abandon politics and dedicate

Politics before Religion

himself entirely to religion.-s. c.

THE most striking example of how the Vatican makes the interests of religion subservient to political affairs is seen in the attitude of the Holy See towards France. The measures adopted by the French Government against the Church, had they taken place in any other country would have led to the bitterest Kulturkampf. With France, on the contrary, the Papacy endures all kinds of hard blows without the least attempt at reprisal, not even thinking of denouncing the Concordat, which to a certain extent makes the Church an ally of the State. We shall perhaps witness worse attacks on the Church on the part of the Republic, without the Vatican daring to protest, as what they consider their supreme interest is to maintain diplomatic relations with France, from which alone they hope, given certain circumstances, to have assistance, if not in the entire reconquest of temporal power, at least in an upsetting of the present state of things in the peninsula. This, they think, would free them from the detested presence within the walls of Rome of the "usurper," i. e. the King of Italy.

At the present moment there is another

cause, connected, however, with the principal one we have just mentioned, which is, to prevent an arrangement being arrived at for an exchange of visits between King Victor Emanuel III. and President Loubet, as this would interrupt the tradition that no Roman Catholic ruler may come to Rome to visit the King at the Quirinal if he does not wish to be excommunicated. There had been only one exception, that of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, but it can hardly be considered as a case in point. The Prince had come to the Eternal City with the strange idea of obtaining permission from the Pope to have his son, Prince Boris, turn orthodox. Of course the permission was refused. but the heir of the Bulgarian House passed all the same to the Greek Church, and Prince Ferdinand was excommunicated. After that he visited the Quirinal, apparently considering that having suffered the extreme punishment he might just as well enjoy the immunity which it entailed. He could not be excommunicated again. Should the visit of President Loubet to the Quirinal take place and the French Embassy to the Holy See be abolished, then the Vatican would start the most ferocious struggle against the Republic, not hesitating even if it should lead to a schism. -s, c,

The Return of the Troops from South Africa

DURING the months which followed the proclamation of peace in South Africa, Cape Town was a great clearing-station for the troops who had been to the front and who were to return to England. Week after week, and often almost day after day, one might meet on the road to the docks little companies of soldiers with their guns and blankets marching down to join the ships which were to take them back to their homes. Behind them came the mule wagons laden with their kits. The band accompanied them as far as the dock gates, and there left them to return to its quarters. Very bright were the tunes for their renvoi. "Johnnie comes marching home" was a special favourite, and seemed to be considered particularly appropriate. Last of all would come "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and so the band said its good-bye. Such a matter of every-day occurrence had these departures become, that beyond the fact that a few women and children came and stood at the house doors to wave a good-bye, and the passers-by turned to smile sympathetically at the happy-faces of the home-going soldiers, no notice was taken

of such incidents. The soldiers, however, were too happy in the prospect of their home-going to care whether or not any enthusiasm was awakened over their departure.

All through the winter months, which are of course our English summer, these departures continued. What mattered to the soldiers the pouring rain of Cape Town winter, or the lakes of liquid mud and the dirtiness and confusion of Cape Town docks! They had shaken hands with their former foes, and having done their duty as good soldiers of the Empire, they were looking forward to a hearty welcome at home, and a warm corner at their own fireside. These home-goings, however, were not without their disappointments. Many of the soldiers had to wait their turn week after week, and endure the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. In some cases the disappointment came in a form which made it peculiarly keen. Some troops from Durban were brought down to Cape Town on one of the large transports chartered from the Cunard Line. Before reaching Cape Town, the transport was found to be overcrowded, and some five hundred men were landed at Cape Town to be left behind for another sailing. These men had gone aboard at Durban in high spirits, counting themselves safely on the way home. Their dismay and disgust on finding themselves left behind may be imagined. "The Government's done with us now," said one of them, as he moodily watched the transport sailing for England without him, "and it don't care what becomes of us." His irritation could not be deemed inexcusable in view of his overpowering disappointment.-A. G. P.

Britishism in Cape Colony

ONE of the characteristics of the English people in the South African Colonies is their intense Britishism. They are far more English than the English at home. In fact, Great Britain is home to them. Home is the only word used for the Old Country in the newspapers, periodicals, and Government reports, and it is always spelled with a capital H. Surrounded by a native population which far outnumbers the whites, and in contact with another white race, speaking a foreign language and to a considerable degree alien in ideas and aspirations, the English and Scotch, particularly in Cape Colony, attach themselves with everincreasing fervency to their own nationality, and in even the most trivial matters mould their fashions, their etiquette and their pre-

ferences on the English model. The tradespeople and shopkeepers continually play upon this characteristic in putting forward their goods. Here is part of an advertisement cut from the Cape Times: "Those Britons afar who are Britons still, In the Britains beyond the Sea,' are very British in their tastes, habits, and customs. They follow the example of the Old Country"-hence, continues the advertisement, since so-and-so-much of some proprietary article is sold in Great Britain, that fact proves that this article "is Britain's best, and Britons in South Africa should follow the good example set them at Home," At a time when so much is written about competition with British trade, a high value ought to attach to this intense Britishism of our colonies, and from a more important standpoint, even so slight a matter as an advertisement can bear testimony to the essential unity of the British Empire.-A. G. P.

The Passing of the Clerical College President

THE resignation of Dr. Francis L. Patton from the presidency of Princeton University and the election of his successor. Professor Woodrow Wilson, have again called attention to the present tendency of the universities of the United States to make laymen rather than theologians their presidents. Hitherto Princeton has always had a clergyman at its head, Dr. Wilson being the first layman to receive the presidency. In the early history of America it was natural that the clergy should be at the head of the colleges, since the early colleges were instituted for the express purpose of training men for the ministry. But now that the college has broadened into a university and theological study has been relegated to a small department of the larger institution, the president's duties have materially changed. The first requisite of a modern university president is executive ability, and this is more apt to be found in a man in close contact with the business world. At any rate, a review of the presidents of the leading universities of to-day seems to indicate such a preference. President Eliot, of Harvard, is a mathematician and chemist; Dr. Hadley, of Yale, is a political economist; President Butler, of Columbia, is a philosopher and pedagogue, and so on. Among the clerical presidents still remaining, Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, is probably most prominent.-A. B. R.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Snow Mushrooms

Dr. Vaughan Cornish has described before the Royal Geographical Society the characteristics and mode of formation of some curious snow structures, named snow-mushrooms, studied by him in the Selkirk mountains, British Columbia. One of these remarkable structures, nine feet in diameter, is represented in the accompanying illustration. The stalk of each snow-mushroom is the stump of a felled tree, upon which the snow gradually accumulates



A SNOW-MUSHROOM NINE FEET IN DIAMETER

until a compact mass, shaped like a gigantic puffball, is built up. At Glacier House, in the Selkirks, where snow-caps of this kind are extremely common, Dr. Cornish found a "mushroom" twelve feet in diameter upon a stump four feet across, so that the eaves of the structure projected four feet beyond the pedestal. Some of the snowmushrooms observed by him must have weighed a ton. The mushroom shape of the snow-caps on the tree-stumps at Glacier House is believed to be largely an accident of proportion between the amount of the snowfall, the diameter of the forest trees, and the height of stump usually left in felling. When the trees are small, as in the parts of the Rockies through which Dr.

Cornish passed when studying snow formations, the base cannot support a sufficient quantity of snow; and, on the other hand, near the Pacific Coast, where the trees are of giant growth (with a diameter often of fourteen feet), the snow-cap is shaped more as a thatch with overhanging eaves than as a ball. There are four districts in British Columbia, not far from one another, where these snow-mushrooms are found. The cause of the growth is absence of wind and a heavy snowfall—the average fall for the winter at Glacier House being nearly fifty feet.

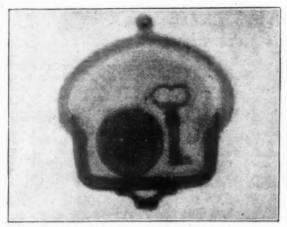
Invisible Solids

A FEW years ago Mr. H. G. Wells conceived the idea of an "Invisible Man," and upon it constructed one of his fantastic narratives. Like other stories by the same author, this had an excellent scientific foundation, and no valid objection could be made to the basis of it, Objects are distinguishable from one another because rays of light which fall upon them are affected differently. A piece of glass can just be seen in water, but if it bent rays of light and dispersed them to precisely the same extent as the water it would become invisible. In fact, a transparent object, no matter what its shape, disappears when immersed in a medium having the same power of refracting and dispersing light. If a transparent solid could be found which in these respects affected rays of light in the same way as air does, it would be absolutely invisible. This was the scientific fact upon which Mr. Wells let his imagination play, and it has lately been given attention by Professor R. W. Wood, who has been working at the problem of making objects invisible. He has used a solution of chloral hydrate in glycerine, and has thus obtained a liquid which has all the properties of glass, so that a glass rod disappears entirely in it. Professor Wood has also suspended a glass stopper in a globe painted on the inside with luminous paint. On looking through a small hole the stopper was quite invisible, though the whole globe was filled with a blue light. this case the invisibility was the result of the fact that the object was transparent and illuminated equally on all sides. It would thus be possible to construct a room on the same plan, in which all transparent objects would entirely disappear from view.

The Penetrating Rays of Pitchblende

THE radiograph here reproduced of a leather purse containing a coin and a small key has a familiar appearance to any one who has seen the effects of Röntgen rays in revealing the invisible, but, as a matter of fact, it was not obtained by means of these rays. As has been recorded already in these columns, several substances

Science and Discovery



A RADIOGRAPH OBTAINED BY THE RAYS EMITTED FROM RADIUM

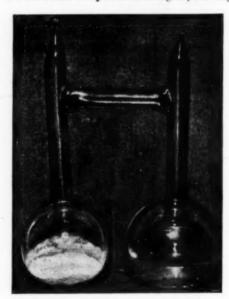
have been found which emit radiations capable of penetrating certain substances in much the same way as Röntgen rays, and it was by the use of one of these substances-radium-that the illustration here given was obtained. After examining the radio-activity of a number of substances, Monsieur and Madame Curie succeeded in isolating from pitchblende an active principle which proved to be a new element and was named radium. Two other active principles have been obtained, and named polonium and actinium, but it is doubtful whether they are chemical elements distinct from all other known substances. The spontaneous and continual emission of active rays by radium is extraordinary, because the source of the energy is unknown. Energy is apparently being created without expenditure, which is contrary to the fundamental ideas of physical science. Several substances, such as sulphide of zinc, and some compounds of potassium and barium, become brightly phophorescent when exposed to the radiations from radium, so that the new element provides a means of obtaining light without using up any material. An experiment to show the creation of light in this manner is illustrated in the accompanying figure from La Nature. Two glass bulbs with necks are connected by a cross-piece. One bulb contains a compound of radium, and the other sulphide of zinc. The apparatus is sealed up and left in the dark for a time, with the result that the sulphide of zinc becomes luminous and emits a bright phosphorescent light. If the bulbs are then separated, the phosphorescent glow continues for a month in a sealed tube, but only for a day if the sulphide of zinc is exposed to the air.

Suspended Animation

EXPERIMENTS made by Mr. H. T. Brown with seeds, and by Dr. A. Macfadyen and Mr. Sydney Rowland with bacteria and other micro-

organisms, have shown that it is possible to keep living matter in a condition which is neither life nor death; that is, in a condition of suspended animation. The organisms were subjected to extreme cold for a time, and though there is every reason to believe that no chemical changes such as are associated with life could occur, in the absence of heat and moisture, yet the organisms flourished anew when removed from their frigid conditions. Ten organisms were first used, including the sensitive germ of Asiatic cholera and the resistant spores of the bacillus of anthrax. They were cooled down to a temperature of 310 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and kept in this condition for twenty hours and then for seven days. These exposures to extreme cold did not produce any appreciable impairment in the vitality of the organisms, either as regards

their growth or their characteristic properties. Ten hours' exposure to a temperature of 420 degrees below the cold of zero—that is, about as many degrees below the temperature of liquid air as is that of liquid air below the ordinary summer temperature—also had no appreciable effect upon the organisms tested. A prolonged exposure to severe cold was then tried, the organisms being immersed in liquid air for six months, but in no instance could any impairment of vitality be detected, and, judging from the results, the period might have been much longer without causing death. The experiments are somewhat of a puzzle to biologists, for they



SULPHIDE OF ZINC RENDERED LUMINOUS

bring out a new and hitherto unobtained state of living matter—a state of suspended animation. The vitality of the organisms may be regarded as a wound-up spring which is held fast by the great cold, but does not lose its energy. When the restraining influence is removed, movement and other manifestations of life recommence. The results of the experiments provide imaginative writers with very suggestive scientific material.

Sleep Produced by Electricity

A MEANS of producing sleep and local anæsthesia by means of electric currents is described in the Electrician. The method of applying the currents is much the same as that used with the ordinary medical coils for electrical treatment. A moist electrode is placed upon the head of the subject and another on the back, and the intensity of the current is rapidly increased, with the result that respiration is stopped. The current is then reduced and respiration sets in again, and a profound and tranquil sleep ensues, lasting as long as the current is continued. A similar current applied to the root of a human nerve, such as the median of the wrist, gives rise to complete ansesthesia of the region innervated, accompanied by a prickling sensation which is not painful. It is scarcely necessary to add that these methods of producing sleep and local ansesthesia should only be tried by persons who understand the human body and the use of electricity in medical treatment.

A New System of Express Trains

AT the recent meeting of the British Association at Belfast, Mr. John Brown showed a working model of a novel kind of electric express train, suitable for lines having a complete circuit, like the Metropolitan Railway in London. Each carriage of the train carries its own motor, so that it can move independently. Intending passengers get into a stationary carriage at a station, and this carriage starts shortly before the express is due. When the express reaches the station it releases the end carriage or carriages, and goes on without stopping until it catches up to the carriage before it. carriages are on the corridor principle, and passengers intending to alight at the next station pass through the train to the rear carriage or carriages, which are slipped when the station is reached, and brought to rest at the platform. This process is repeated at every station, the new passengers being picked up in the same way, and those whose destination has been reached alighting as before. At first sight there seems to be danger of collision in this system, when the express part of the train catches up to the carriage before it, but with electric motors there would be very little risk, for there is no more difficulty in catching up to a train in steady motion than in bringing an engine gently up to one at rest. By means of an ingenious system of levers and switches, the operations of starting the waiting carriages so that the

incoming train may overtake them without appreciable shock, the coupling of the carriages and the slipping of those destined for the station just passed, are all automatically effected. Moreover, a signalling device enables the driver of a train to know the distance in yards between his vehicle and the one before it. The invention is a promising one, and its many advantages should lead railway directors to give attention to it.

Aquatic Sewage Farms

Prof. E. A. Letts and Mr. J. S. Totton have lately made some valuable observations of the use of the seaweed called Ulva latissima as a purifier of polluted water. Their results were so encouraging that the investigations were extended to the functions of other aquatic plants, and especially fresh-water plants, in the same direction. A certain green filamentous weed, which grows in ponds supplied with surface drainage, was examined, and was found to possess the same power of absorbing ammonia. A new method of sewage treatment by aquatic sewage farms is thus suggested, in which suitable water-weeds would play the part of purifying agents either alone, or as a final treatment of the effluent from some of the ordinary sewage purification processes before it passes into a river or a watercourse.

Relics of a Lost Continent

THE question of the existence of a landbridge which in former times stretched across the Atlantic from Europe to America, has been revived by a paper by Dr. R. F. Scharff. This problem of a lost Atlantis was first raised to scientific importance when modern research revealed the fact that the living as well as the extinct animals and plants of Europe have quite a number of types in common with North America. It was therefore suggested that the Atlantic islands—that is to say, the Azores, Madeira, and Canary Islands-formed part of a land connection which stretched right across the Atlantic, and still preserved some of the plants which invaded our continent from the New Though several eminent naturalists gave their support to this theory, Dr. Russell Wallace strongly opposed it, and contended that there was no connection between Europe and America across the Atlantic, and that the fauna of the Atlantic islands was derived from the adjoining continents of Europe and Africa by winds and ocean currents. Dr. Scharff has recently collected a number of facts referring to the distribution of animals, and not hitherto utilised in the discussion of the question, in order to make a new attempt to solve the problem from a zoological point of view. results of his investigations tend to show that Madeira and the Azores are the remains of an ancient Tertiary area of land which was joined to Europe, and that it probably became disconnected in Miocene times.

Varieties

Dante

No one ever measured the greatness of man in all its forms with so true and yet with so admiring an eye, and with such glowing hope, as he who has also portrayed so awfully man's littleness and vileness. And he went farther. No one who could understand and do homage to greatness in man ever drew the line so strongly between greatness and goodness, and so unhesitatingly placed the hero of this world only—placed him in all his magnificence, honoured with no timid or dissembling reverence—at the distance of worlds below the place of the lowest saint.—Dean Church.

Public Duties

It very greatly concerns all men on whom a higher nature has impressed the love of truth, that, as they have been enriched by the labour of those before them, so they also should labour for those that are to come after them, to the end that posterity may receive from them an addition to its wealth, for he is far astray from his duty—let him not doubt it—who, having been trained in the lessons of public business, cares not himself to contribute aught to the public good.—Dante—De Monarchia.

Composite America

An average of forty thousand foreigners rushing through our open gates every month for sixty years—men of every race, of every colour and creed—scholars, serfs, anarchists, and thieves, has muddled the strain of American blood. The voter of to-day has many grandfathers. Each of them has bequeathed differing faiths, prejudices, and tongues to him.—The Outlook (New York).

France and Australia

THE part which France had in Australian exploration has been well-nigh forgotten. Yet there was a time when the most accurate map of Australia known was of French origin. This was one of the fruits of the scientific expedition of Commodore Baudin in 1802. French names were then given to various points of the coast, which are still retained. Thus there was, and is, a Cape named after Gantheaume, the admiral on whom Napoleon relied a few years later when planning the invasion of England; and there is also Cape Berronilli, the Bays of Rivoli and of Lacépède, and the Freycinet Peninsula. There is evidence that Napoleon's world-wide projects included the acquisition of Van Diemen's Land and the middle of Australia. The English Government met and checkmated him by at once planning settlements, the chief of which was Risden, a little above the present town of Hobart.

The End of Education

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, whom this generation has almost forgotten, was said to have the most complete education of any man of his time. Yet he would have acknowledged the truth of the saying that the end of education was to make a good learner. He was at the day of his death, says Walter Bagehot, perhaps the best learner in England.



Photo by Charles Fitzner
KAFFIR NURSE

"London and its Leaders"

A UNIQUE guide to London has been provided by Mr. Douglas Sladen. It is entitled London and its Leaders (Sands and Co., 1s.). It is neither a conventional guide-book nor yet a mere directory. Some idea of its scope may be gathered from the following headings: Leading Hostesses in London, Leading Americans in London, Leading Entertainers, Leading Churches, with the features which make them worth visiting, Leading Restaurants, Leading Hotels and Tea-Rooms, Leading Shops. The weakest part is the list of "Leading Nonconformist Churches," which, according to this book, are only four in number: Dr. Horton's church at Hampstead, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the City Temple, and the Catholic Apostolic Church. There are good portraits of leading ladies of the Court, and fifty page



INDIA-RUBBER PLANTS, MOZAMBIQUE

views of places of note. Both residents in the metropolis and visitors to it will find in this useful book many matters of great interest.

Barracouta Fishing in Australia

ROUND the south-eastern coast of Australia, and chiefly along the shore-lines of Victoria and Western Tasmania, there has of late years sprung up an important fishing industry, the fish caught being the barracouta. The 'couta (pronounced coota), as the fishermen call it, is a long, coarse, ugly fish, weighing from three to seven pounds and over, and is far removed from a table delicacy; but, when meat is dear, as it is at present, the poorer classes consume large quantities of it. It is sold very cheaply, a big 'couta being obtainable anywhere for sixpence, and a small one for threepence. The fish, when cooked, is said by connoisseurs to resemble blotting-paper soaked in train-oil; but the writer, though not partial to 'couta, has often made a fair meal of it. The 'couta is very easily caught. The fishermen in the various ports go out in small one-sail smacks, and while one man sails the boat to and fro in the shoal, the other has a couple of strong hand-lines, with a thick hook baited with a bit of red flannel, over the end of the boat. The 'couta requires no finesse either to catch or land him. He jumps open-mouthed at the flannel, and is promptly hauled on board and dropped into the bottom of the boat. If the shoal is a big one, it is not long before the boat has a big load, which is landed, basketed, and sent by rail or steamer to the big towns. So greedy are the 'coutas that they will sometimes jump at the bait before it reaches the water. The shoals of 'couta frequent the coasts for most of the year, but are most common in the autumn.-F. s. s.

New Music

Among recently-published songs we specially note Bairnies, words by J. Anthony McDonald,

music by Martin Granville (Gould and Co., 4s.). Other good songs from the same publishers are For All Eternity, a duet, words by S. A. Herbert, music by Angelo Mascheroni; and The Fairest Flower, words by the Rev. A. Frewen Aylward, music by F. W. Sparrow.

A pretty negro song is Floatin' Down, words by Helen Marion Burnside, music by Mary A. Salmond (Joseph Williams, 4s.). From the same publisher come Lamartine's song Speak to Me, words in French and English, music by Theodore Lack; and Heine's Alone, music by H. G. Pelissier.

Of pianoforte music we may mention Stewart Mac-

pherson's Notturno (a duet: Joseph Williams, 1s.), Anton Strelezki's Barcarolle Espagnole (duet: Joseph Williams, 1s.), and A. Howard Bonser's Golden Sunset (berceuse: Gould and Co., 4s.).

For violin and piano excellent pieces are An Eastern Serenade by Albert Fox (Gould, 3s.), and an arrangement of Haydn's Austrian Hymn by William Henley (Joseph Williams, 4s.). The Violoncello Album, containing seven pieces by Bach, Tours, Schumann, and others, arranged by W. H. Squire, is well worth having (Joseph Williams, 2s.).

An excellent selection of Celebrated Marches transcribed for the Organ is Book 3 of this series, transcribed by G. R. Griffiths (Gould and Co., 1s. 6d.), This book contains Meyerbeer's Coronation March, Wagner's Grand March from Tannhäuser, Gounod's Soldiers' Chorus from Faust, and the religious march from Glück's Alceste.

Astronomical Notes for November

On the 1st day of this month the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 6h. 55m, in the morning, and sets at 4h. 32m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 13m. and sets at 4h. 15m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 29m. and sets at 4h. 2m. The Moon enters her First Quarter at 31m. past noon (Greenwich time) on the 8th; becomes Full at 5h. 7m. on the afternoon of the 15th; enters her Last Quarter at 7h. 47m, on the morning of the 22nd; and becomes New at 2h. 4m. on that of the 30th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about half-past 2 o'clock on that of the 17th. No eclipses are due this month, nor any occultation of special interest; the Moon, however, will pass over two small stars in the constellation Cancer on the morning of the 21st, the first disappearing behind the bright limb a few minutes after

Varieties

midnight on the 20th. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 4th, and will be visible in the morning before sunrise during about the first half of the month, situated in the constellation Virgo, and passing a few degrees to the north of the star Spica on the 3rd. Venus is not visible to the naked eye this month, as she will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 29th. Mars is moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Leo, passing very near the star Chi Leonis on the 15th; he rises soon after midnight. Jupiter is in the eastern part of Capricornus, and will at the end of the month be very near the star Theta in that

constellation, setting about 9 o'clock in the evening. Saturn is still in Sagittarius, and some distance to the west of Jupiter, setting rather more than an hour before him. We must be cautious now in speaking of the November meteors; the Leonids will be due on the morning of the 15th, but no great number will probably be seen, especially as the full moon will overpower the fainter ones, and those called Andromedes (supposed to be connected with the defunct comet of Biela), which appeared in abundance on two occasions on the evening of the 27th, would seem to have suffered some perturbation in their motions, and may perhaps be seen somewhat earlier.

W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club

SEARCH QUESTIONS From an Author of Last Century

- 1. Who "was a deal thought on at a distance, I believe, and he wrote books; but as for math-matics, and the natur' o' things, he was as ignorant as a woman"?
- 2. Who said "I never did eat between meals and I'm not going to begin. Not but what I hate that nonsense of having your dinner at half-past one, when you might have it at one"?
- 3. Who said he "never knew that a wish to go to a place was the same thing as a wish to stay"?
- 4. Who was "a round-eyed sharp little woman, like a tamed falcon"?
- 5. Who said "there's no law again' fleabites. If I wasn't to take a fool in now and then, he'd never get any wiser"?
- 6. Who said "I know upo' good authority as it's a big Frenchman as reaches five foot high, an' they live upo' spoon-meat mostly"?
- 7. Who said "give me a coroner who is a good coursing man" ?
- 8. Who said "the law's made to take care of raskills"?
- 9. Who said "what are the doctors for if we aren't to call 'em in"?
- 10. Who said "it's poor eating when the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruets"?
- 11. Who said "young ladies are a little ardent, you know, a little one sided, my dear"?
- 12. Who was "a charming woman, not so quick as to nullify the pleasure of explanation"?
- 13. Whose family quarterings were supposed to be "three cuttle-fish sable, and a commentator rampant"?
- 14. Who was "of opinion that children, when they are not naughty, should always be spoken to iccosely"?
- 15. Who said "Hev a dog, Miss!—they're better friends nor any Christians"?

16. Who said "when I was sixteen my jacket smelt of tar, and I wasn't afraid of handling cheeses"?

A prize of the value of Half-a-Guinea will be given for the first received correct answers to the above questions, giving chapter and book for each. None accepted after 15th November. Write "Fireside Club" outside.

Identifications from Dickens

Three competitors answered correctly all the questions published in our August number. The promised award of Two Guineas is therefore divided, in sums of Fourteen Shillings each, between K. D. Pow, 7, Alexandra Road, Gipsy Hill; MISS BLAKESLEY, 2, Milford Villas, Park Road, Hampton Hill, and E. W. HENDRY, 26, Cavendish Road, West Didsbury, Manchester.

"OCTOBER"

(PRIZE ACROSTIC.)

O ctober comes,—the twilight of the year, C hanges the forest leaves to colours bright, The green to gold, the fresh to brown and sere, O'erspreads the woodland paths with mellow light; B racken and briar turn to russet hue; E ach day grows shorter, and should be to you R eminder that your day is short'ning too.

A book of the value of Half-a-Guinea has been sent to the author, Mrs. Beck, 7, Hawarden Avenue, Douglas, Isle of Man.

ON THE BOOK TABLE.

(Books received:—PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN'S Philosophy of the Christian Religion, Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. Dr. Schoffeld's Force of Mind, J. and A. Churchill, 5s. H. G. Wells' A Sea Lady, Methuen, 6s. Helen Boddington's The Avakening, Hurst and Blackett, 6s. Mrs. De Salls' à la Mode Cookery, Longmans, 5s. Anstey's Bayard from Bengal, Methuen, 3s. 6d.)

Dr. Fairbairn's book forms an important contribution to the comparatively modern philosophical study of Christianity. He describes his work as an attempt to do two things: first, to explain religion through nature and man; and, secondly, to construe Christianity through religion. He was moved to write from a strong feeling "that Christianity stood among the religions which must be historically investigated and philosophically construed, and that no greater injury could be done to it than to claim for it exceptional consideration at the hands of the historical student or philosophical thinker." Such a defender of the faith, in seeking a fair fight and no favour, honours worthily the faith he is well able to defend. We earnestly recommend the book to the careful study of those of our readers who take an intelligent as well as a sympathetic interest in the progress of Christianity.

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In The Force of Mind Dr. Schofield speaks with authority on a subject of great interest. The curative power of suggestion, acting through subconsciousness on the physical powers, has been his line of study, and in emphasising the subliminal medium through which suggestion acts, he lays his finger on a link missed by many kindred inquirers. The bulk of evidence he adduces must appeal chiefly to his medical readers, but persons whose duty includes companionship with any of those nervous invalids unfortunately so numerous nowardays, will find much useful guidance in Dr. Schofield's book.

A master magician, Mr. Wells often passes the bounds of time, space, and probability when drawing circles wherein to exercise his fascinating art. While we privately think his skill greatest when he limits himself to human possibilities (as in The Wheels of Chance and Love and Mr. Lewisham), we are ready to enjoy any story he may choose to tell. In the Sea Lady he summons a spirit from the vasty deep, even more convincing than the angel of his Wonderful Visit, or that eerie freak of science, The Invisible Man. The mermaid, who appears first among a party of bathers at Sandgate and feigns drowning, is rescued and carried ashore. The discovery of her fish-tail is no sooner made than hushed up by her kind-hearted rescuers, whom she subjugates with ease, and enlightens on many points during her short stay with them as a paying guest. Quotations can convey no idea of the brilliance and humour of this story of the mermaid's début as a beautiful but mysteriously healthy invalid in a bath-chair. She is attended by a discreet maid, Parker, "the sort of woman who isn't astonished at anything"; who skilfully checkmates gossip by buying stockings for her mistress, while Mrs. Bunting, their prosaic hostess, as effectually convinces the most sceptical reader of The Tail's existence in a word—"I patted it," said Mrs. Bunting.

The Sea Lady admits that she has no soul, and accepts at first the convention that she has come to seek one, but her purpose is indeed other. The story, like its heroine, is twy-natured, mingling comedy and tragedy in one, and we hold our breath as it reaches an unforeseen climax.

comedy and trageny as an any comedy and trageny as it reaches an unforeseen climax.

The author is a maker in the old sense, a fashioner of thought into fine prose or poetry. His sea-born Cyprian Queen reveals the nature of an immortal's discontent in a suggestive passage not unworthy of comparison with the lines in which Tennyson makes Tithonus picture the homes of happy men that have the power to die. "We watch you," says the Sea Lady, "and sometimes we envy you. Not only for the dry air and the sunlight and the shadows of trees and the feeling of morning, and the pleasantness of many such things, but because your lives begin and end because you look toward an end."

Miss Boddington has chosen good stuff for her story, and spoilt it in the telling. The Awakening of love and confidence between the husband and wife, who were at first estranged, and of religious faith in their once sceptical friend, are themes of real interest, obscured in the tame wordiness of a redundant style.

Mrs. De Salis, the Cavendish of cookery, writes well upon her art, "the neglect of which," she reminds us, "will make the happiest home miserable." This being so, we may well further the happiness of our households by presenting à la Mode Cookery to our respective home rulers, to stimulate their unending and beneficent labours. Let the leaf be turned down (whispers your reviewer's alter ego) at Veal Cutlets à la Heinz.

The title Mr. Anstey has chosen instantly suggests an earlier hero than his. In the words of Mr. Nadab's improvisation—

"A military gent I see—and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me "——

that the ideal Bayard from Bengal could be no other than Colonel Newcome. Mr. Anstey's Bayard sonly so self-styled, and the title is one of the many grotesque misfits of a very clever study in Baboo English—reprinted from Punch, with the addition of pictures in the native manner by Bernard Partridge, of which "every description of conveyance" going to the Derby is quite the funniest. The few parables of Piljosh, included in this volume, make us eager for more of such witty wisdom as this—

witty wisdom as this—
"'People tell me he can shine when he chooses,'
said the Extinguisher of the Candle. 'All I know
is, he's positively dull whenever he's with me!"

Or this:—
"'No outsiders there—only just their own
particular set!' said the Cocksparrow, when he
came home after having been to tea with the Birds
of Paradise."



Women's Interests

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mabel M.-Your interesting letter has been laid before the editor, who will doubtless consider

its suggestions.

L. Herbert.-It does not follow because the story submitted to various periodicals was poor that you are incapable of ultimately producing something good. There are two kinds of hin-drances that impede the amateur. There is the hindrance of expression, where the writer really has a story to tell, the mechanical difficulties offered by language, and the hindrance of having no story to tell, with perhaps an exaggerated conception of the blessedness of the author's lot. This difficulty is much more serious. If your story is clearly before your mind ere you begin to write, you will tell it inelegantly, it may be, but without circumlocution and with some vivacity. If you have not a story in your mind, but only some ideas that a certain course is virtuous or picturesque, and that imaginary characters might be induced to take it, the resultant narrative will not be interesting, or the characters lifelike. The novel of incident may be readable and therefore salable when it is anything but literary; the novel of character must be artistic and the incidents probable to be endurable, Then when you make your characters perform madnesses of self-sacrifice for the wicked and the unrepentant, the teaching is wrong and unhelpful. People in life suffer quite enough from drunken and dissolute relatives, without hearing any one advance that it is their duty to endure all that such desire to lay upon them. Teach truth and stand by truth bravely, and you will help some one; false estimates and a false morality darken the world. A spirit of revolt is beginning to stir in the minds of the community against the tons of flabby and useless fiction that are dumped down week by week in the market-place, fiction which, if it does not depraye in the familiar sense of the term, certainly enervates the reader and bewilders his or her judgment regarding life, its obligations and its perils. It is well to be able to write as to speak, but it is inadvisable to do either unless one has something helpful to impart.

L. L.—The writing of rhymes is easy, the writing of poetry is difficult. Some of your lines are good, but others are very poor. Sometimes you address your imaginary auditor in the second person singular, and immediately afterwards in the second person plural, or vice versa. "Ofttimes in minor keys you here indite thy song," etc. Again, you speak of sacred things with excessive fluency. To deal lightly with great themes does not result in great writing, quite the contrary. It is inadvisable to treat of heaven, and to display abundant and very commonplace knowledge of that region. There is an Irish provincial paper that always publishes "poetry" with its obituary notices.

Doubtless this is kept in stock on the premises and inserted at advertisement rates. Unquestionably such verse is employed solemnly and very mournfully by the friends of the dead, but it has not on the indifferent and unrelated reader the encouraging effect that seems to be anticipated. A deceased poet once made a great hit by stating the obvious with much solemnity; when he said, "The sun rises at dawn and will set at eve," his admirers cried, "How true!" Then a wicked person wrote a parody containing such aphorisms as, "He that sitteth down upon a nettle shall rise quickly." At this the more intelligent began to smile, and the smile spread and broadened over the land, till the poet's honoured name became a by-word. People make hits now and then that seem unaccountable (I could tell you of several others were the occasion propitious), but they are not to be reckoned on. All things considered, you would probably find some of the other industries you indicate more profitable than writing poetry.

Musical.—Only an expert could decide on the quality of your voice, which, if fine, is a very valuable possession. The first step should be to let one of the teachers at, say, the Guildhall School of Music hear you sing, and advise you. For this of course he would charge a fee, but it would not be exorbitant, and his advice would be practical. Where means are limited I think the cost of education at any of the schools of music is not rendered prohibitive to the possessor of a good voice. The opinion of friends is not always as valuable as it is kind, and sometimes the vocalist herself overrates the sweetness of the melody she makes. Did you ever hear the story of the singer who went to an expert, paid her fee, sang in her very best manner, and then said, "Now please tell me what my voice is suited for"? And the expert said, "For

cheering.

Inquirer .- The Central Bureau for the Employment of Women is a good source of information on all that pertains to openings available for women, whether highly or imperfectly educated. The central office is at 9, Southampton Street, Strand, London. Information will be supplied either verbally or by letter. The Bureau aims at bringing employers and those requiring employment together, with the least possible cost to both. Those seeking employment pay a registration fee of 1s. 6d. for six months. This covers postage and the outlay on correspondence. When work is obtained, a fee is then charged in proportion to the client's weekly rate of remuneration, that is to say, a percentage of the first week's salary is returned

to the Bureau.

VERITY. Letters on Women's Interests to be addressed-"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Our Chess Page

New Problem Tourney. Five Guineas in Prizes

BRITISH SECTION.-Four prizes-One Guinea and a Half and One Guinea are offered for the best three-movers, and One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea for the best two-movers.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN SECTION .- A prize of One Guinea is offered for the best problem submitted. Previous entries from abroad do not

encourage us to be more lavish.

CONDITIONS. - Problems sent in for competition must be the unaided work of the senders, and must not have been printed or otherwise made public.

Each one must be submitted in diagram form, and must be accompanied by a complete solution, giving all the leading variations, clearly written

in any recognised notation.

Both diagram and solution must be on one piece of paper, which must be headed by a nom

the plume adopted by the competitor.

The name and address of each competitor must be sent in a sealed envelope with the nom de plume written outside. These envelopes will not be opened until the award has been made.

No composer will be allowed to take more

than one prize.

The last days for sending in the problems will be January 15, 1903, for Home competitors, and March 31 for Colonial and Foreign competitors.

Solutions of Solving Competition Problems (APRIL TO AUGUST)

1. Cronje. 1. Q—R 3, K—K 4; 2. Q × P + etc. If 1. Kt moves; 2. Q—Q 3, etc. 2. King Cole. 1. Q—Kt 4, K—Q 5; 2. Kt—Q 3, etc. If 1. P—R 3; 2. B × B, etc. 3. By C. W. of Sunbury. 1. Kt—B 6, P × B; 2. Q—B 5, etc. If 1. P—Q 4; 2.

Q-K, etc.

4. Dolce far Niente. 1. Q - R 5, K - K 4; 2. Kt-Q 4 + etc. If 1. P-K 6; 2 Kt × P +. If 1. K-B 3; 2. Q-B 7, etc. 5. Who'd 'a' thought it ? 1. Kt-Kt 7, Q × B

or $B \times Kt$; 2. $Kt \times Kt P + etc$.

6. Serendib. 1. K-B 6, K-B 5; 2. Q × P + etc. If 1. K-B 3; 2. Kt-R 7 + etc. If

1. Kt—B 5; 2. Q × P + etc. 7. Cigarette. 1. Kt—K 7, K—K 4; 2. Q—Q 5 + etc. If 1. K—B 4; 2. Kt—Kt 7 + etc.

8. Jim Crow. Q—R 6. 9. Jim Crow II. Kt—B 2. 10. Strike On! 1. Q—K, R (Q 8)×Q; 2. B—Q Kt 5, etc. If 1. R (K 5) × Q; 2. Kt—Kt 7 + etc. If 1. Kt × Q; 2. Kt—Q 4 + etc.

11. Nellie Bly. Several solutions Kt-Kt 5, K-R 2, etc.

12. Camac. 1. R—Kt 2 K×R; 2. Q×P+etc. If 1. P×R; 2. Q×P+etc. 13. Good Luck. R—B 5.

14. Eureka. B-B 2.

15. Capitola. 1. Q — K R 2, K — K 5; 2. Kt — B 3 + etc. If 1. K — B 3; 2. Kt — R 7 + etc. If 1. K × P; 2. Kt — Q 4 + etc. If 1. P × Kt; 2. Q — K 5 + etc.

16. Eileen. 1. Q—R 6, K—B 4; 2. B—R 3 + etc. If 1. Kt—Q 5; 2. Q—Q 3 + etc. 17. Jim Crow III. 1. B—K 7, Kt—Kt 4; 2. Q—Q B 4+etc. If 1. Kt—B 4; 2 Q—K 4 + etc. If 1. Kt—B 5; 2. Kt—Kt 4 + etc.

18. Torridge. Q-Q 8. Tante Eliza, Q—Kt 7.
 Rob Roy, Q—B 6.

The award on this competition may be looked for next month.

Here are two new and interesting problems for solution. Solutions received before December 1, 1902, will be acknowledged.

"Out of the West." By H. G. BARWELL. BLACK-12 MEN



WHITE-10 MEN White to mate in three moves, By A. BRADLEY.

BLACK-9 MEN



WHITE-5 MEN White to mate in two moves.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Twenty Pounds in Prizes

ESSAYS

- [A nom de plume should be at the top of each essay, the writer's name and address being written on the back.]
- Essay on "How I Manage to Save."
 First Prize, One Guinea; Second Prize,
 Half-a-Guinea.
- 2. (For teachers, either in Day or Sunday School.) ESSAY ON "MY FAVOURITE PUPIL."
 - First Prize, FRENCH PICTURES (Pen and Pencil Series), 25s.; Second Prize, RAMBLES IN JAPAN, by CANON TRISTRAM, 10s. 6d.
- 3. (For boys and girls under 16.) Essay on "My Favourite Teacher,"
 - First Prize, REGINALD CRUDEN: A Tale of City Life, 5s.; Two Second Prizes, THE CAPTAIN'S BUNK, 2s. 6d., and FAIRY TALES FROM FAR JAPAN, 2s. 6d.

ART

- 4. THE BEST ORIGINAL BLACK AND WHITE DRAWING.
- [The drawing to be a portrait or figure from life.

 The prize drawings to be the property of

 The Leisure Hour.]
 - First Prize, Three Guineas; Second Prize, Two Guineas.

MUSIC

- 5. Best Tune for the Hymn:
 - "Nearer, my God, to Thee."
 - Prize, Two Guineas.

NEEDLEWORK

- 6. (A) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.
 - First Prize, ITALIAN PICTURES, 30s.; Second Prize, VICTORIA R.I., 10s. 6d.
 - (B) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER,
 - First Prize, PICTURES FROM HOLLAND, 25s.; Second Prize, PICTURES OF SOUTHERN CHINA, 10s. 6d.
 - (C) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS, KNITTED OR CROCHET, ANY SIZE, WITH OR WITHOUT THUMB-HOLES.
 - First Prize, IN SCRIPTURE LANDS, 15s.; Second Prize, DRIFTWOOD, A Story, 5s.
- N.B.—All articles sent in this department will be given to workers in the poorest districts of London, for distribution among the deserving poor. In no case will any article be returned.

POSTCARDS

- Best postcard on "My Favourite New Book," with reasons for the choice.
 - First Prize, THE PILGRIM FATHERS, 5s.; Two Second Prizes, LIFE'S PLEASURE GARDEN, 3s. 6d., and PARABLES OF OUR LORD, 3s. 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHS

- Best Photograph of Domestic Scene (either indoor or outdoor).
 - First Prize, Half-a-Guinea; Two Second Prizes, Five Shillings each.

COLONIAL SECTION

- Essay on "How I Manage to Save," First Prize, One Guinea; Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea.
- 10. (For boys and girls under 16.) Essay on "My FAVOURITE TEACHER."
- FAVOURITE TEACHER.

 First Prize, REGINALD CRUDEN, by TALBOT
 BAINES REED, 5s.; Two Second Prizes,
 THE CAPTAIN'S BUNK, 2s. 6d., and
 FAIRY TALES FROM FAR JAPAN, 2s. 6d.

 11. Postcard on "My Favourite Preacher," with
- 11. Postcard on "My Favourite Preacher," with reasons for the choice.
 - First Prize, LAMPS OF THE TEMPLE, 3s. 6d.; Second Prize, SHADES AND ECHOES OF OLD LONDON, 2s. 6d.
- Colonial Essays, etc., to be received not later than February 25, 1903.

RULES

- 1. Our readers may compete for as many of the prizes as they please, but not more than one prize will be awarded to one competitor. Prize-winners of last twelve months ineligible in the same department this year.
- 2. Every competitor, except those in the Post-card Competitions, must cut out the Eisteddfod Ticket given on Contents page of advertisements, fill in the number of the competition, and fasten the ticket to the outside of the envelope containing competition.

 3. A separate Ticket will be required for each
- A separate Ticket will be required for each competition. No other matter must be included.
 Essays must be on foolscap, one side only, and
- 4. Essays must be on foolscap, one side only, and must not occupy more than four of such pages.

 5. For the *Postcard* Competition the latest date is November 5, 1902; for *Essays*, December 3; *Art*, *Needlework*, *Music* and *Photograph*, December 17.
- 6. All competitions must be addressed to the Editor of The Leisure Hour, 56 Paternoster Row,
- London, E.C
 7. No Essay or other contribution will be returned, even if stamps are sent.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 20

- Essays on "My FAVOURITE SEASIDE RESORT." First Prize, AUSTRALIAN PICTURES, 28s.
- Albert G. Wain, Carriston, Narbonne Avenue, Clapham Common, S. W.
- Second Prize, IN SCRIPTURE LANDS, 15s.
 B. P. HEWLETT, Ebdon, Weston-super-Mare.
 Third Prize, VICTORIA R. I., 10s. 6d.
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